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Looking Forward

OWING TO OUR expressed dissatisfaction with the present prohibition law as a means of promoting temperance we have been bombarded these last few months with letters from readers demanding to know why we presume to express such an opinion, to print articles expressing other people's beliefs, when we apparently have not settled on any cure for the situation. The argument seems to be that if we have no panacea we have no right to raise the problem for discussion.

SUCH A POINT of view overlooks, among other things, the fundamental difference between a journal of inquiry devoted to discussion, and a political party organized to secure definite ends by standing on an agreed upon platform.

AS A MATTER of fact, political leadership is more often than not a totally different thing from intellectual leadership. Ordinarily, political leaders do their best to avoid recognizing any issue unless they think they have a solution that will win votes. Whereas for a journal of this character to defer discussion of the problems of mankind until the complete panacea for each one was in hand, would be not only to follow the counsels of fear but to lose whatever value to its readers such a magazine might already possess.

FOR THIS REASON we are glad to continue the discussion of prohibition with the article by Governor Ritchie of Maryland which appears in this issue. It deals in facts and interpretation; not personalities, sentimentality or abuse. Moreover it contains one of the few constructive suggestions thus far put forward. General agreement with its thesis by the public would lead at once to further development of what state methods might be considered by different localities.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Ewing Galloway

St. Peter's and the Piazza Di S. Pietro, Rome

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Outlook
and Independent
October 23, 1929

Pope of New England

A Portrait of Cardinal O'Connell

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

"When I ask you to do anything, trust me and do it." Such was the order of Cardinal O'Connell to his parishioners in 1907. Today this Prince of the Catholic Church is one of the most powerful influences in New England. In Boston, where he holds sway, it is said that this eleventh son of Irish immigrants is responsible for the grotesqueries of censorship. No one has been able to prove it, but the Cardinal's attacks upon immorality, the Einstein theory, anarchy and atheism have been frequent. Mr. Murphy, a former Boston newspaperman, here presents an objective portrait of this dominant churchman

THE aggressive, dominating and brilliant young Irishman who was once the prodigy of the Roman Catholic Church in America is now approaching his seventieth year. The years have dealt generously with him. The prodigy has given way to the patriarch, but the change has been one of externals. The inner man remains unchanged.

William Henry Cardinal O'Connell, archbishop of Boston, metropolitan of New England, is dean, now, of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America. He has worn the rich, red panoply of Cardinal for eighteen years. Twice there has been talk—shrewd, informed talk—of his succeeding to Saint Peter's chair on the occasion of the deaths of Popes. Even to be mentioned for such succession was a startling distinction for an American-born priest.

Today he is wealthy in his own right, although he started in the service of God quite as poor as a church mouse. He is several times a millionaire. His Brighton home is one of the show places of Brighton, possessing as it does an excellent private golf course. His primacy is as well organized and disciplined, even as prosperous, relatively, as a first class corporation, which it is. By virtue of a special law passed by the Massachusetts legislature he is the corporation sole of the Catholic Church of Boston, its President and officers, its Board of Directors; and no one within it can countermand any phase of his management. Throughout the Catholic world his archdiocese is held up as a model for disciplined ecclesiastical organization.

Moreover, his greatest struggle has nearly run its final phase. The once brow-beaten Irish Catholics have come into possession of Boston—a *coup d'etat* he vigorously urged. Socially even, and politically certainly, they are the new Boston. The Puritans have surrendered even the privilege of resistance.

Well might Cardinal O'Connell contemplate this last as perhaps his greatest achievement. Few social and political revolutions have been accomplished so bloodlessly, yet so thoroughly. He preached it militantly from the day his predecessor died in 1907, the kindly and venerable Archbishop Williams, who lived on excellent terms with these Puritans.

Swiftly his successor carried the fight to the dozing Puritan ramparts. At the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, in 1908, he cried: "The English Puritan stood for the first time" (in the days of the Colonies) "face to face with the Catholic Irishman. . . . The Puritan has passed; the Catholic remains. The city where a century ago he came unwanted he has made his own.

"The sign of the Holy Cross gleams high before us Catholics of Boston and New England, as it did upon the banners of Constantine, when the Church came forth from the catacombs to take her rightful place of glory. . . . The procession has started—the march toward our duty here not merely to ourselves, but to our surroundings."

The procession hurried on. Today, in its flood tide, it has dotted Boston and its outskirts with Catholic churches, Catholic schools, Catholic charities, Catholic societies. In its internal bludgeonings, it has remodelled a social structure and a culture, and it has entirely overturned a political order. In a large, though indefinable manner—by reflection rather than by implication—it moulds even the press.

THE NEW BOSTON is a narrower Boston, with its weird censorship. The liberals, with their eyes on the Watch and Ward Society, obliquely contemplate the Cardinal as the shadowy power behind the censor. They accuse him of having replaced Protestant Puritanism in Boston with a Catholic Puritanism even more bitter-pure. Catholics and Protestants alike vaguely identify His Eminence with the wholesale banning of plays, books, and whatnot.

But this identification remains, at the moment, no more than a suspicion.

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For some years, while I was a newspaper man in Boston, I used to hear these rumors. I still do—even in New York. But one searches in vain for evidence actually linking Cardinal O'Connell with Censor Casey.

True, the Cardinal has repeatedly denounced immorality on the stage and in literature. In 1910, with his approval, the Federation of Catholic Societies, numbering half a million Catholics, petitioned the Legislature to adopt pending bills for the suppression of immoral plays and "all indecencies and anything suggestive." It is true that District Attorney Foley, Superintendent of Police Crowley and Censor Casey, who effectuate the laws of censorship, are Catholics.

And it is equally true that Mayor Nichols, a Republican and a Protestant who found *Strange Interlude* offensive, is more than graciously inclined toward Cardinal O'Connell and his Catholic constituents. Not long ago they journeyed to Havana together, although it may have been merely a coincidence that they found themselves on the same boat and were grouped together by the photographers.

"If we have tried once, we have tried a dozen times to identify the source of this censorship," an editor of a Boston newspaper told me. "Each time the search has ended in a dark alley. No one seems to know whence it springs. I have yet to hear a Catholic or a Protestant citizen say: 'This play—that book—ought to be banned.'

"But the system works. It always works. It works mysteriously, quietly, but it works. We have been compelled to call it 'the system,' and, because it is mysteriously powered, to bow to it."

William Cardinal O'Connell is, as a churchman, a great deal of an enigma and a little less of an anachronism. An enigma because, while moving powerfully and persistently in a broad sphere of action, very little of the man or his mind is known. An anachronism because, while living in an age of changing moralities and beliefs, he has made himself an autocrat of belief and morality.

Few Princes of any Church live, in these days, with such disciplined austerity, or with such deliberate pomp, or with such firm regimenting of the faithful. He commands—and demands—the unhesitating obedience of the archdiocese, priests and parishioners alike. "When I ask you to do anything," he said, in 1907, "trust me, and do it." When they failed, his sharp tongue and authority speedily wheeled them into line. He lives like, rules like, a Prince of the Church, which he is. He wears the pallium with the aloof sternness with which medieval Rome decreed it should be worn. The years have intensified, rather than softened, his strictness. Boston has ceased to wonder.

The eleventh and last son of poor Irish immigrants, he was born in Lowell, Mass., on December 8, 1859, on the feast day of the Immaculate Conception. It was the custom, then, among large Irish families that one son should be given to the Church. John and Bridget O'Connell decreed that "Bill" should be their contribution.

Educated in public schools, he ultimately entered Boston College, from which he graduated, at twenty-one, with highest honors. He seems to have been an outstanding student. He composed several hymns, was an accomplished debater, a fair tenor, took part in college plays, and is remembered as the best dressed man and the owner of the most luxuriant crop of side-whiskers (which every young college man used to wear) on the campus.

Archbishop Williams took an interest in him and awarded him a scholarship to the American College at Rome. There he studied several years. In 1884, at Rome, he was ordained a priest, and two years later he returned to America, to begin his career.

According to all precedents and customs, Father O'Connell faced a long and discouraging road to advancement. In Rome's eyes, the United States was still a missionary country. And under the solemn, stuffy protectorate of Archbishop Williams, the Boston archdiocese was not likely to yield instantly to the opportunist's knock. As one of the five assistant rectors of Saint Joseph's, in the West End slums, he might have waited ten or fifteen years for the privilege of succession to even a parish. Father O'Connell did not wait. In twenty-one years, he was Archbishop of all Boston, and in twenty-six, Cardinal.

Whether the Church spontaneously pushed him ahead, or whether he pushed himself to the fore has become, with the passing of the years, hopelessly shuffled. We observe, for instance, that in 1895, without prior indication, he was made rector of the American College at Rome, a powerful post. Barely six years later he was created Bishop of Portland—a Bishop at the age of forty-one; "a Bishop without a white hair on his head!" as one writer exclaimed. On January 20, 1906, he was appointed Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, direct in line to that failing septuagenarian, Archbishop Williams.

The early biographies printed in Boston newspapers, when he first began to stimulate that scene, are frank, illuminating. Boston was told, for instance, that in none of these promotions was his name on the list of candidates recommended for promotion. The rectorship of the American College went to him because he journeyed down to Baltimore, where Cardinal Gibbons, and Archbishops Ryan and Williams were deadlocked over the choice of a new rector. There he eloquently advanced his claims, much to Cardinal Gibbons's astonishment. In Rome, according to the New York *World*, he was exiled to the distant See of Portland, even with the high rank of Bishop, because he had unwittingly aroused the ire of Pope Leo XII.

In this manner did Boston first learn of him. Then one observes a singular change. New biographical recapitulations appear. New explanations are advanced. These honors that rushed upon him came as "surprises." They were wholly unexpected. The self-made prelate becomes the prelate an appreciative Church had made. The searcher discovers the early, more probable, explanations only in yellowed, tattered files.

Whatever the stimulating force—its identification is important only as a measure of the man—the young ecclesiastic became one of the most influential and powerful of the younger men at Rome. He built up the American College, interested Americans in it. That is perhaps his greatest gift—organization. Pope Leo, impressed, made him Chamberlain, with the title of Monsignor. He conferred and visited with the Pope when he pleased, while Cardinals must await a papal summons.

It was this very power that was his temporary undoing. Having been given full liberty of the Vatican, he once interrupted the Pope when the latter was in a high temper. And for

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this he was banished to Portland. Perhaps the story is apocryphal, but it cannot be ignored.

Banished or promoted, Bishop O'Connell did not permit the fact that Portland was, in the ample perspective of the Vatican, as distant as Afghanistan, to dull his mind or efforts. He strengthened his parishes, reduced the church debt, he organized, and he had an excellent architect remodel the Cathedral. With that flair for commanding attention—that sensitivity to what makes news and a crispness of expression for creating news—that has always been his, he soon had his diocese in the public eye.

Newspapers asked for full transcripts of his sermons; and when one reporter apologized that the pressure of other news made it impossible, at times, to carry the full text, he magnanimously said that if the newspapers carried only 500 words of a 5,000 word sermon he was satisfied.

Always he prepared. At the Vatican he was distinguished as a linguist. He spoke Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian and Syrian, besides understanding half a dozen more. Then in distant Poland, apparently for no reason at all, he added another —Japanese.

Thus, when the Russo-Japanese War ended, Pope Pius X, who had succeeded the venerable Leo, looked about for a polished, skilfull legate through whom to restore relations with Japan. He found that, because of diplomatic conditions, an American envoy would be most acceptable to the Mikado. And presently he became aware of the fact that the one American churchman of rank who could speak Japanese was Bishop O'Connell.

Diplomatically, it was a hazardous mission. The Mikado had not fully shown his hand. What reception the envoy would receive was speculative. But Bishop O'Connell was not long in establishing his status before the legations of nationals. He was immediately received by the Mikado and Empress, and dined by the Crown Prince. Not only did he achieve his mission, but the Mikado decorated him with the Grand Cordon of the Sacred Treasure; and in Rome he was received with pomp.

Thereafter, his star rose unhesitatingly. A year after he became Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, Archbishop Williams died, and he succeeded to an archbishopric second only in the American hierarchy to New York. He was the youngest archbishop in the country. When his name was first put forward as candidate for Cardinal, in 1908, he was the youngest, in point of years and service, among them all.

On November 27, 1911, at Rome, he was created a Cardinal; and when he returned to Boston, in a driving snow storm, people massed the streets to welcome him, and struggled to kiss the ring he wore. That year, he said: "The desire to succeed is national to the human heart."

Wide World

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

He always moved uncluttered by precedent. Boston speedily accustomed itself to the spectacle of a Bishop, then a Cardinal, smoking a cigar on a morning stroll. The Boston *Herald* said of him:

"He is . . . a great social favorite. He belongs to a leading Boston social club, one of the local golf clubs, and owns an automobile. He is reputed to be the best dressed ecclesiastic in Boston."

This was as long ago as 1907, and the Bostonian who owned an automobile then was considered something of a sport.

He brought a similar independence to Rome. In that city of exile where, since 1870, Catholic prelates had hesitated to touch foot on Italian national soil, traveling to and from the Vatican in carriages with drawn curtains, he became, after the first surprise wore off, a familiar figure on the streets during his frequent visits there. He delighted the Italian press because he spoke its language. So many gifts to the Church were ascribed to his diocese that it spoke of him as a J. P. Morgan until the Vatican put a stop to it. Two Popes declined to let him kneel before them, waving the usual custom aside.

"If the time ever comes," said Cardinal Rampolla in 1913, himself an outstanding eligible for the office, "to have an American Pope, which perhaps may not be long, I see nobody in the American hierarchy who can take the position except Cardinal O'Connell. He is a strong man. He is most popular at the Vatican. He has brought, as Peter's Pence, an enormous sum of money to Rome—more than any other Cardinal—in fact, almost more than any other state."

It is a fact that we have come to associate an attitude of aloofness, of detachment from things mundane, with high ranking churchmen, especially Catholics. But Cardinal O'Connell—as Cardinal as well as Bishop, speaking—speedily became Boston's new conscience. His sermons, his addresses, his statements, were matter for the front page.

Theoretically, the Irish Catholic in Boston was on the defensive. Under Cardinal O'Connell the defense—a good military principle—became attack. The front at which he hammered was large, and at most points it yielded. The Watch and Ward Society was not half so militant a force for morality.

Bolshevism and anarchy were, for more than a decade, his favorite bedevilments. "Today hundreds of millions of men are marching under the red flag. Why? Because they have lost their faith in God. That is their only reason. And having lost their

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faith in God, they have become blinded to their own true personal interests. They march like blind men, blinded by hate, disloyalty and despair. To what? To Freedom? No. Only to baser servitude."

With President Coolidge, in 1924, he stood watching 100,000 members of the Holy Name, whom he had praised as "bulwarks against anarchy, disloyalty and disorder," march past. He had, a short time before, led them to cheer three times for the Pope. And now he leaned toward the President's ear and said, as the marching swung past:

"What if we were facing 100,000 anarchists?

"Where would you and I be? Where would the nation be?"

For anarchy and Bolshevism he drummed the antidote of belief. In 1915, he said: "The stability of this government does not depend upon learning and philosophy or anything else, but on whether the citizens realize that in all their actions they are responsible to God." And, in 1917: "The only thing that keeps the human race in some sort of plausible order is the overpowering content of God upon the minds of men." And, in 1923, "When religion goes, only one thing can follow logically—the bayonet."

The Unitarians of Boston, who academically endorsed the principles of Socialism, he bitingly struck. He had only contempt for Protestant Churches whose pulpits were controlled "by stockholders," and whose "ministers are paid starvation wages to preach sermons which extol the virtues of coal barons and steel kings and oil emperors."

"If the Unitarians are sincere, if they believe in Socialism," he said, "why, it is the easiest thing in the world to give us proof of their sincerity. How about the mills, the shops, the industries of which they are proprietors? How about the enormous wealth they possess? Will they forthright proceed to distribute it? And, if so, will they kindly name the day? Some of us will be there."

This word anarchy in time came to have a broader meaning. It meant modernism, science, changing moralities, intellectual unbelief. Each time the spectre stirred he strove to lay it. He deplored atheism in schools and colleges, and he denounced those who would set up an aristocracy of brains.

When there arose, in 1926, a speculative debate in the public prints as to whether or not the American Museum of Natural History was more deserving of the Munsey millions than the Metropolitan Museum, he announced: "If I were really clever I should be able to dissuade any one from leaving one dollar to the fake museum until Osborne (Henry Fairfield Osborn) becomes a real scientist. . . . In that hall is an exhibition of what might justly be called the grotesque gullibility of the so-called scientists."

When Luther Burbank maintained there was no future life and that Christ was an infidel, he likened him to a "petrified" fossil given to "infantile nonsense." And when Henry Ford affirmed belief in reincarnation, His Eminence bid him stick to the business of automobiles.

In 1929, he took cognizance of Einstein: ". . . In a word this befogged speculation about time and space is a cloak beneath which lies the ghastly apparition of atheism. . . . Petty, befogged professors, not great men, standing on the threshold of the hall of learning, who have to set up some new standard to attract attention to themselves. . . . The great minds of the world have always been very clear. . . . I have never yet met a man who understood in the least what Einstein is driving at; and I have been so very much impressed by the fact that I seriously doubt that Einstein knows what he is driving at."

A singularly weak and uninformed attack to come from him; for he has been nothing if not logical in his argument, shrewd, calculating and sure of his ground. Einstein replied that it left him cold and devoid of interest.

He was on firmer ground in 1926.

"Compulsory prohibition is flatly opposed to Holy Scripture and to Catholic tradition," he said. He argued his point masterfully. Ale and wine are not evils. Wine has lawful uses ranging from its use in the Holy Eucharist to the "general work of moistening and enlivening the laborer's coarse fare." He accused the drys of misrepresentation.

"It has been made clear a thousand times that we will work with our separated brethren as temperance men, but not as tools of those whose confessed policy is world-wide prohibition by installments. . . . Voluntary total abstinence she"—the Church—"applauds. But compulsory universal prohibition is another thing. . . ."

If his attack left Einstein cold and disinterested, this statement of position left that celebrated Dry, Congressman Upshaw, hot all over. Though a helpless cripple, he dashed in protest down the aisle of the House, his crutches forgotten, like Lazarus resuscitated.

Whatever else may be said of him, the fact is written large on his career that Cardinal O'Connell is perhaps the outstanding spokesman of the Catholic Church in America, if not in the world. Headlines have always followed him, and controversy often preceded him. Few attacks, direct or implied, on his faith or his Church has he permitted to pass unchallenged. He has struck back, not deftly, politely, but with hammering blows.

When Theodore Roosevelt neglected to visit Pope Pius X, on his visit to Rome in 1910, he accused the former President of having repudiated his principle of "a square deal," and John Callan O'Loughlin, former assistant Secretary of State, who was in charge of the arrangements which were broken off, he castigated "as the sort of a Catholic of whom we are ashamed."

His Catholicism has always been militant, but not always has it been tolerant. Fourteen years after he had rapped the Puritans for denying Catholics the right of freedom of worship in New England, he attacked American Methodists who tried to establish a college at Rome—who came "unauthorized and failed to respect the faith existing there."

"Methodists could better spend the money at home in American cities, where religious differences exist," he maintained. "Methodists can only put doubts where before they arrived there was certainty. They make bad Catholics, but they won't make good Methodists here."

He founded this new Catholicism on a firm basis. He has made of it a structure. That is a fact no investigator into his life and works can long be ignorant of. Skilful, entrenched organization followed him. The Catholic Church, ever the essence of solidarity has, under his scheme, become Gibraltic in Boston.

One cannot help observe the founding and strengthening of new and old societies. The Federation of Catholic Societies which promised to give support to "a good, just, honest square-

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This Prohibition Wilderness

By ALBERT C. RITCHIE

One of the foremost opponents of the attempt to legislate us into a state of perfection is the Governor of the Free State of Maryland. He believes that the Eighteenth Amendment violates a basic principle of American government and his reasoned remedy is a return to the traditional doctrine of American democracy—self-determination and home rule

SOMEHOW THE sane, sound, sincere men and women of the country, regardless of their party affiliations or personal beliefs, must be aroused to the urgent need of doing something regarding prohibition. Nothing is to be gained by insisting that the Eighteenth Amendment reflects the higher morality and the will of God; that all good men are for it, and that he who is not is *ipso facto* a publican, a sinner and an enemy of mankind.

A condition and not a theory confronts us. The power and prestige of government are being impaired and the administration of law demoralized. National prohibition is not a success and the sooner we admit it the sooner we shall find a way to do something constructive. The appointment of a presidential commission to study an increase in crime which every police chief knows is due to the present prohibition system is certainly an extraordinary phenomenon in government. In itself it is a sufficient admission of failure.

The Eighteenth Amendment gives the Federal Government and the several States concurrent *power* to enforce it by appropriate legislation. Some contend very earnestly that this imposes a concurrent *obligation* to enforce—that the power implies the duty. Maryland does not so construe it. Because we do not, we are accused by militant drys of treason, sedition, secession, nullification and every other high crime and misdemeanor in the catalogue of prohibition abuse.

All this is sheer nonsense. The people of Maryland are as patriotic, as law-abiding and as law-respecting as the people of any other State. No one has the right to say less for the people of New York, Nevada, Montana and Wisconsin. Maryland is not guilty of rebellion against the Nation or of contempt for the Constitution in not passing a State enforcement act and neither are these other States in repealing theirs. We are as solicitous as any State in the Union to find the solution for intemperance, but we want the right solution. Our position is a reasoned position, and I think that it is also the sound and intelligent one.

Senator Borah did me the honor of replying to this viewpoint in the *New York Times* of July 28, 1929. His position is that when the will of the people is expressed in the Constitution, "neither Congress nor the States can disregard this command;" that the second section of the Eighteenth Amendment confers concurrent power on the Nation and the States to enforce the amendment, and this legally and morally binds the States as well as the Nation to enforce it; that "where the authority is given it creates correspondingly a legal and moral obligation to act."

I would be the last to contend that the States are not under both a legal and a moral obligation to play the full part in our government which the Constitution assigns to them and intends them to play. They are, of course. But no such duty as Senator Borah describes is assigned to the States by the Eighteenth Amendment. Any belief that it is rests upon a complete misconception of the actual situation.

It is true that this misconception is prevalent among a great many people, who really seem to believe that the States are under some sort of binding obligation to set up State enforcement machinery under the amendment, and it is an amazing and deplorable thing that discussions of this proposition, which lies at the very root of the rights and duties of the States with respect to enforcement, are usually confined to personal abuse and *ex cathedra* utterances, with little apparent attempt or desire to get at the truth about it.

Under our system of dual sovereignty the established general principle is that a State officer has no power to make an arrest for the violation of a Federal law, unless the Act of Congress authorizes such State officer to make arrests, and while in that case the officer may exercise such authority, he cannot do so if the same is prohibited by the Constitution or laws of his State. (Dallemagne vs. Moisan, 197 U. S. 169.)

The Volstead Act does not purport or attempt to confer power on State officials to enforce either its provisions or the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment, nor is there any other Act of Congress which does.

There is, therefore, no Federal legislation which can be said to impose any duty upon the States to enforce the amendment, and if any such duty exists it can only be because the amendment itself prescribes it.

The only possible *argument* for this is that Section 2, in declaring that the States shall have concurrent power to enforce the amendment, is a grant of power to the States and the source of their right to pass enforcement laws at all; that this power so granted the States, coupled with the like power granted the Nation, shows that the Eighteenth Amendment contemplated a joint or dual enforcement machinery, and that the States were to aid the Nation in this work; and that it is the duty of the States to do what the amendment contemplates they shall do, and pass appropriate enforcement machinery of their own.

I REFRAIN from discussing how completely this would destroy our basic American principle of dual sovereignty, because it is perfectly clear that no such meaning as this was intended to be given or can be given to the amendment.

In the case of United States vs. Lanza, 260 U. S. 377, (1922), the Supreme Court held that the amendment was *not* "the source of the power of the States to adopt and enforce prohibition measures;" that the States always had that power, and that it had been guaranteed them by the Tenth Amendment; and that the purpose of declaring a concurrent power of enforcement in the States was "to negative any possible inference that in vesting the National Government with the power of country-wide prohibition, state power was excluded."

In other words, the intention was simply to make it clear that the amend-

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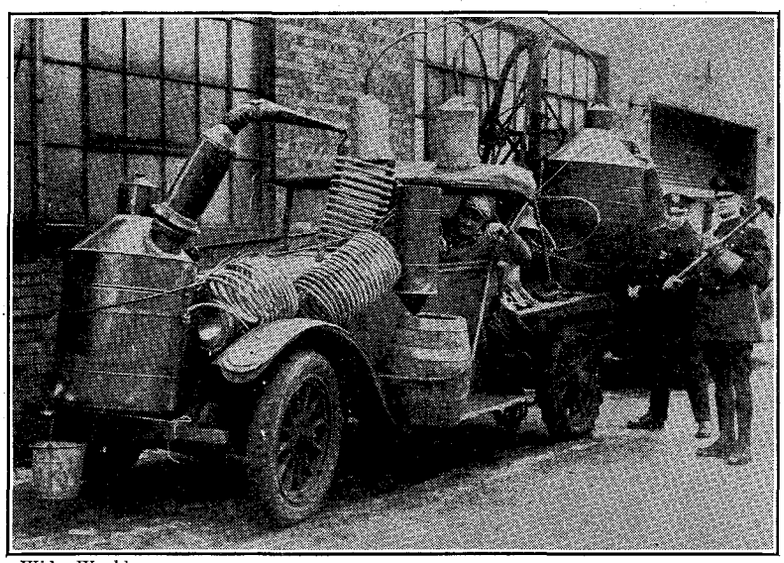
ment did not take away from the States the power which they already had in this regard.

The authority of a State to pass State prohibition laws, including laws to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, does not come from that amendment at all. It comes from the State's reserved powers, guaranteed by the Tenth Amendment; and the concurrent clause, instead of being a grant of power, was inserted merely to make clear that the States' reserved powers, so far as prohibition is concerned, had not been destroyed by putting prohibition in the Federal Constitution.



Wide World

BRINGING IN THE STILLS
One day's harvest for the Cleveland police force

No Governor, no member of the State Legislature, and no other State or local official has taken any oath which obligates him to *enforce* any Federal law, including the Eighteenth Amendment, by legislation, appropriation or otherwise. The oath to support the Constitution does not make any of them a Federal enforcement officer. It confers on them no duty to constitute themselves the machinery or to provide the means for enforcing Federal laws. The President holds no executive power in the States, and has no duty with respect to the enforcement of State laws. The Governors of the States hold no executive power in the Federal Government and have no duty with respect to the enforcement of Federal laws.

Under the American system of government the States owe no duty to the Nation to enforce the laws of the Nation and the Nation owes no duty to the States to enforce the laws of the States. Federal officials are bound to enforce Federal laws and State officials are bound to enforce State laws, but neither Nation nor State is bound to enforce the laws of the other sovereignty.

The Eighteenth Amendment went far in invading the domain of the States when it regulated for all the States a subject which, under the Tenth Amendment, had always been theirs to regulate for themselves. But it did not go to the extent of imposing upon State governments or State officials the duty of *enforcing* Federal laws. If it had done that the dual system of sovereignty, without which our form of government cannot endure, would have been destroyed.

In Maryland we exercise our sovereign right, which neither the Eighteenth Amendment nor any other advancing Federal power has yet taken away, not to incorporate the Volstead Act into Maryland State law. I say the Volstead Act, because when people insist on a State enforcement act what they always mean is the enactment of the Volstead law as a State measure or of something more stringent or more arbitrary or more costly. In Maryland we decline to make the Volstead Act a law of the State. So long as the Federal government elects to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment by the Volstead law, just so long will we leave the enforcement of the amendment to the Federal government. We are under no duty to help relieve the Federal government of the burdens and the cost it has assumed under the Volstead law by making that law a Maryland measure and setting up our own State machinery to enforce it, and thus making the people of Maryland share its burdens and its costs; and we decline to do it.

We are justified in saying that law and order is not promoted by a State Volstead act. There is infinitely more law and order in Baltimore City, which has none, than in many other great cities which have. It is our firm conviction that by declining to have our police and our courts undertake local Volstead enforcement, we have less corruption, less crime and a higher character of peace, harmony and orderly and efficient government than many of the enforcement States which also have large cities.

Yet we are told that this position is one of nullification. The truth is that Maryland's position, instead of being an effort at nullification, is in fact a protest against nullification. Maryland feels that Congress and its sister States have nullified certain rights and immunities guaranteed to it under the express and implied covenants of our Federal compact. They have nullified our right to govern ourselves in a domain where only self government can work. Our houses are no longer our castles; we are denied the right in certain cases to be judged by a jury of our peers; we can be halted and searched as we go about our lawful adventures, and be hectored, browbeaten and even cold-bloodedly shot down,—all in the name of the law. We can be punished twice for the same offense, have our property seized for wrongs we did not ourselves commit, and we can have our homes padlocked on orders that are more executive than judicial. If all this is not the nullification of supposedly inalienable rights and liberties, what is it?

Yet Maryland as a State offers no resistance of any kind to the law which does these things. Maryland makes not the slightest attempt to abrogate it or to nullify it. We simply say it is Federal law, not Maryland law, and it is no part of our duty as a State to adopt it as our own and set up State machinery to carry it out. We leave its enforcement in our State to the Federal Government which made it. To call that nullification is wholly absurd.

There is no historic or legalistic sense in which the word "nullification" can possibly apply here. None of the five States which have no State enforcement acts seeks to prevent the enforcement of the Federal prohibition laws within its confines; and nullification means affirmative resistance.

The doctrine of nullification, which made its first appearance in our history about 1799, was that each State had the right to decide for itself

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whether a given Act of Congress under certain circumstances was binding upon it. As to such Acts, it was claimed that each State had an equal right to determine the extent or method of its local observance or enforcement; and, under certain conditions, States claimed the right to destroy it, to treat it as "null and void and of no effect." This political doctrine, like that of secession and old-time States' Rights, has gone forever into the discard. No State asserts it or practices it, and it is sheer buncombe to indulge in such accusations today.

If a State's failure to enforce a law or to try to enforce it, is to be called nullification, then all the States could be found guilty of it on many counts. All our Statute books are full of laws that are not enforced; laws that are obsolete; laws that we never try to enforce and that were never meant to be enforced; laws that are merely held over us *in terrorem;* laws that are palpably absurd or impossible. There is no State that really enforces its Sunday laws, its blue laws, its laws against profanity, or a hundred other legal prohibitions I could name. If all existing laws affecting business were enforced, big business would have to stop, or at least our Hoover prosperity would suffer a fatal chill.

I go one step further. If the inadequate enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment or the failure to enforce it amounts to nullification, then not the States but Congress is the nullifier.

There are doubtless those who believe the Eighteenth Amendment can be enforced, but surely there is no one who thinks it is being enforced.

Of course Congress will never make an adequate effort to enforce the law. I mean adequate in the view of those who think it possible to enforce it. Mr. Doran, the Prohibition Commissioner, told the committee of Congress that this would cost the Government at least $300,000,000 a year. Congress will never appropriate any such sum and it will never create the gigantic enforcement machinery which would be required.

But if Congress does not do these things, the responsibility rests directly on its own shoulders. There is no escape from it. The Eighteenth Amendment places on the States no duty to enforce it. The States can help if they wish, but there is no compulsory duty.

It is, I submit, the duty of Congress to enforce the requirements of the Constitution. To meet that duty Congress passed the Volstead law, and it is now the duty of Congress either to carry out that law by providing adequate appropriations and adequate machinery, or, if enforcement is not possible, to change the law so that enforcement will be possible.

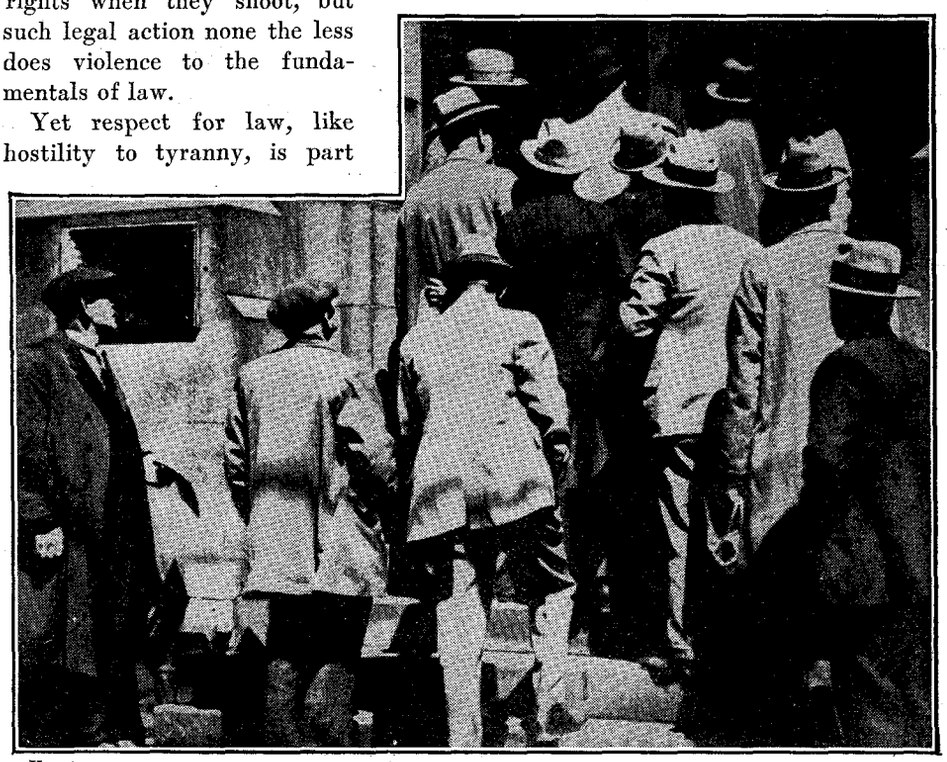
Those who talk so glibly in this connection about treason, nullification and the sanctity of law, have a wrong conception of law, of its nature, origin and sanctions. They seem to think that some spiritual significance attaches to a legislative enactment, instead of recognizing it as a purely human product. Law gets its sanctions from the internal life and spirit of the community; from its customs, traditions, ideals, needs and aspirations. A law must be more than an experimental command, if it is to be obeyed. It must conform to the social needs and ideas of its time, and the element of popular consent and custom must enter, if any system of law or law enforcement is to have life and vitality. It must also comport with the moral sensibilities of the community. You see this illustrated in the wave of moral indignation that is sweeping over the nation because of these so-called prohibition-enforcement murders. These officers may be within their strict legal rights when they shoot, but such legal action none the less does violence to the fundamentals of law.

Yet respect for law, like hostility to tyranny, is part of the very fibre of our national character. Our legal foundations are not tottering because millions decline to respect a law that is alien to human nature and to American institutions. All that sort of talk seems to me to grow out of a concerted effort to shift the public interest from the concrete issue of prohibition, on which so many disagree, to the abstract issue of law observance, on which really all agree. No one wants to be a law-breaker, so let us not befog the issue with abstractions. Our difficulty is not disrespect for law in general, but for this law in particular. Our problem is not law-enforcement, but enforcing obedience to this particular law, and when obedience can be hoped for only by force instead of by acquiescence, it is time to ask what is wrong.

It remains true, however, that the life of any particular law is its enforcement. No law is, in fact, a law unless it can be enforced. A law restricting personal freedom cannot be enforced until the conscience of those to whom the law applies approves it. Such a law must reflect the convictions of society. Its appeal must be followed by the will to obey.

Whenever such a law is made applicable throughout a country which contains communities in which the people or a majority of the people re-

(Please Turn to Page 318)



Keystone

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING"
Customers at an Ontario Government Dispensary

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The Jumbled Talkies

By CREIGHTON PEET

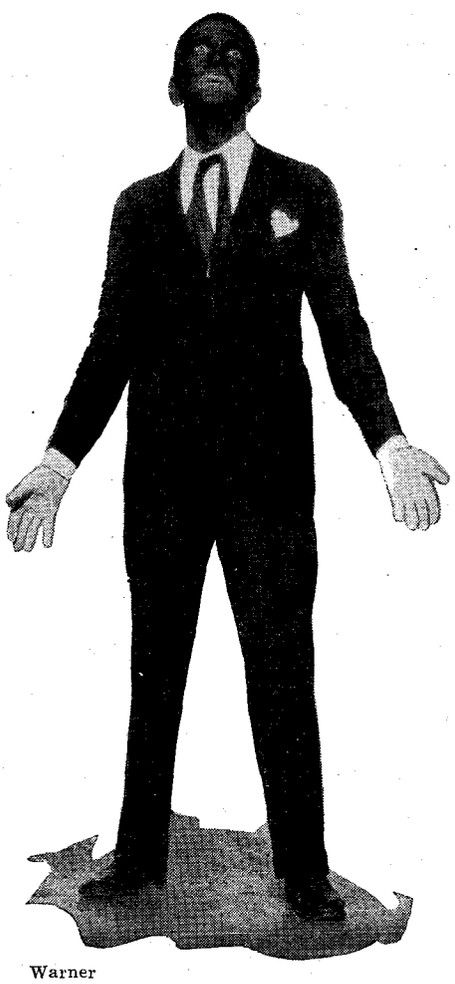
This account of the present state of the motion-picture industry conveys the idea that life in Hollywood is not at the moment one long idyll. The talkies have created innumerable problems for directors, actors and producers. Mr. Peet reviews motion pictures for the "New York Evening Post"

A FEW impractical and unbusiness-like souls saw in the talking screen the liberation of the motion picture. Instead of being a catch-all, an impersonal commercial product equally salable in New York, Dubuque and Calcutta, the motion picture would acquire color, substance, and the character of the country in which it was produced. With no prospect of a foreign market, the motion picture would take a renewed interest in the locality in which it originated.

But anyone who thought about the matter at all quickly realized that this was all nonsense. Film executives talk about product just as motor car or textile makers talk of product. The manufacture of canned commercial amusement is one of our greatest industries—and when you remember that between thirty and forty per cent of the revenue from American films usually comes from foreign markets you will understand that, talkies or no talkies, Hollywood is not going to drop some four million dollars' worth of business yearly without a struggle. A few directors and actors have spoken touchingly of the death of the "international art"—but what they are really trying to say is that they are having trouble in making themselves understood in English.

The problem of multi-lingual talkies is not the only one which is harassing our foreign trade. European film makers have been arming against us, and our 1928 exports were 10,000,000 feet below those for 1927, due to adverse legislation enacted in an effort to protect home industry. Unless the foreign language film problem is solved quickly the American motion picture industry will soon be in a very bad way indeed. Up to the present our talking films have been extremely successful abroad—as a novelty—but that is fast wearing off; accordingly, at present the greatest single problem confronting the American film maker is the matter of the foreign market. English-speaking films are—and always will be—accepted in Western Canada, the British Isles, Australia and certain oriental cities where the majority of audiences speak English for business reasons. In Japan native audiences have always had talkies—furnished by a native reader ("Katsu-ben") who stands by the side of the screen and dramatizes the story by weeping, laughing or storming in a voice suitable to the occasion. These readers receive fancy salaries and their names mean as much outside the theatre as those of the stars.

But what about the rest of the world? What of South America where our movies have almost as general a circulation as they have in North America? What of Germany, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia and the scores of lesser countries where American movies have been shown in the past? Usually the subtitles for American films are translated into twenty-six different languages and dialects. Obviously it is impossible to make that many talking versions of a film, and equally obviously it is going to be financially impractical for all of these smaller localities to make their own talkies.



Warner

Al Jolson is now silent in Berlin

Absurd as it may sound at first, there does indeed seem to be some truth in the suggestion that all the world will some day learn English—or what is much more likely, that the world will settle on three or four languages and cast aside its dialects and local lingual idiosyncrasies.

Nearly all film producers are agreed that Spanish, next to English, is the most important language as far as the sale of motion picture films is concerned. But there is no production of talking films in Spain or South America which amounts to anything. Each South American country has made one or two silent films per year in the past, but, considering the added expenses and technical difficulties involved in producing a talkie, it is not likely that this production will ever amount to much. Realizing this, New York City is now swarming with nebulous talkie enterprises, most of whose promoters announce films in Spanish and two or three other languages.

Except for an announcement by the Comédie Française proposing that this staid organization sponsor the talking film, thus making it possible for people in the provinces to hear the pure and undefiled French for which the Comédie is famous, the French have not shown much interest in making talking films. French trade papers advertise *Le Cinevox Haik* on which such artists as Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps are to be heard, but no further news of the project seems to be forthcoming.

The Germans, always full of ideas and inventions where anything mechanical is concerned, are hard at work with a talkie apparatus of their own, the Klang-Tobis, and UFA has plans for about a dozen German-speaking films (Ufaton pictures) to be made within the next few months. Erich Pommer, Emil Jannings and Josef Von Sternberg, all recently of Hollywood, are now at work in Germany on *Professor Unrath,* which Jannings will

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make in both German and English. Present plans include *Melody of Life* and Tolstoy's *Hatchi Murat*. A. E. Dupont, of *Variety* fame, now working for British International Pictures, has decided his next picture, *Atlantic*, will be a tone picture—which means that it will be a talkie. He expects to make both English and German versions. Up to August of 1929, however, the Germans have produced nothing of any particular commercial value, and it will probably be several months before they will be able to send anything to this country which will compare with such silent films as *Passion*, *Variety*, etc.

Meanwhile they have succeeded in securing an injunction (based on an alleged patent infringement) which keeps any Western Electric apparatus out of Germany. When last heard from this apparatus was actually being dismantled. The Western Electric apparatus includes both Movietone and Vitaphone. Thus Mr. Al Jolson, who was moaning about his mamma in the *Jazz Singer* in Berlin some months ago, is now going through the motions in complete silence. To remedy this situation a representative of the Western Electric went to Germany in an attempt to arbitrate with the Klang-Tobis holders. So far, these attempts have been unsuccessful. The Western Electric and its ally, the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., are fast becoming the most powerful technical organization in the world.

In England a number of talkies have already been produced, and one, *Blackmail*, seems to be enjoying some little success and has recently been brought to America. It is interesting to note, however, that the majority of British producers are using an American recording apparatus—the R. C. A. Photophone.

At the present time there are no talking picture installations in Russia, although the Soviet film organization plans to equip some fifteen houses within the coming year. Einstein (of *Potemkin* and *Ten Days That Shook the World* fame) plans to take *The General Line*, his newest picture, to England, and there, using the R. C. A. Photophone (an American apparatus) give it a synchronized score and sound effects—after which he will come to Hollywood in order to study talkie technique.

So much for the foreign situation on its own ground. Now for Hollywood and New York, where American films are made. As yet nobody knows what the real solution will be—except that there must be a solution. We will never go back to the silent film any more than we will go back to the pony express. The synchronized picture—(with music and sound effects) is undoubtedly a success in every country where it has been introduced. The talking picture has been a success as a novelty—it now remains to improve it and give foreign audiences films in their own languages.

Warner

ALEXANDER MOISSI IN THE ROYAL BOX

Produced in Brooklyn with an all-German cast

The first and simplest solution is the "silent version," usually a poor synthetic silent movie manufactured from the talking picture by the simple process of cutting out chunks of film here and there and inserting explanatory subtitles. The result is about a third shorter than the original and somewhat resembles a series of lantern slides explained by announcements. So unsatisfactory have these synthetic silent versions proved, in fact, that (except in the case of one or two films which will have no silent versions at all, such as *Madame X* and *The Hollywood Revue*) two separate films are being made, employing different continuity and different action. American producers now furnish "silent versions" for nearly every talkie they make—but this is only a makeshift, and is costly.

And, more important still, the talking picture has already gone too far, and (believe it or not) gained too much of a hold on the world in general ever to be abandoned now. Bad reproduction in small towns and foreign countries may make audiences squirm and clap their hands over their ears—but, for that matter do you remember the goggles, linen dusters and other precautions used by the early automobilists? And having gained this hold (which the producers themselves are often a little at a loss to explain, since so many complaints are registered against the talkies)—the silent film ultimately will be flatly rejected even in the smallest towns and most remote nations—because all the good actors, directors and technicians will be at work on talking films.

Another way of dealing with the problem—again obviously a makeshift device—is that of allowing the English dialogue to remain while subtitles in the local language are inserted as guideposts rather than as parts of the story. When *Broadway Melody* was shown in Amsterdam, Holland, for instance, elucidating remarks were written in on dark corners of the picture while the English dialogue ran merrily on. Thus the characters retained their vocal lives although what they said meant nothing.

In certain Central and South American movie houses attempts have been

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made to run the full talking version while the manager of the theatre, switching off the talking apparatus, explained to the audience via the loudspeaker back of the screen, what was going on. It was noticed, however, that while the manager was speaking in a tongue they could understand the audience was quiet and attentive, but that as soon as the unintelligible English came back on the wire the customers began jabbering among themselves. Obviously this makeshift is out, right at the start.

Paramount's *Cocoanuts* featuring the Four Marx Brothers has been treated differently for the foreign market. A master of ceremonies has been introduced into the scenario, who tells, in Spanish, Portuguese, or German, just what is going on. The singing, music and dancing are left in the sound track (a narrow band running beside the picture on the film), but the dialogue and straight conversation are deleted by the very simple process of painting them out with a special chemical composition. At the same time Radio Pictures (a comparatively new producing unit backed by the Radio Corporation of America) announced that it would do this identical thing with *Street Girl* and *Rio Rita*, using French, German, Spanish and Swedish actors to act as masters of ceremonies for the four additional versions.

Fox plans to make Movietone recordings of the Japanese readers' version, combining an old Japanese custom with the economy of recorded speech. Thus American talking films will be shown—but without the English-speaking voices. A new sound track will be grafted on carrying the native reader's dramatic recital.

All these schemes are, of course, makeshifts improvised in an effort to keep the foreign market, built up through years of unflagging labor, from slipping any further. As noted above, this market has already been hard hit by unfriendly legislation. Financial considerations have always been determining factors in Hollywood—and this time it is going to take more than a few personal appearances, and extra shots of "epic," "mother love," and "sex stuff" to solve the problem.

Moviegoers in Copenhagen will very soon want to hear actors in Danish, while those in Portugal will never be satisfied until they hear their own language from the screen.

The problem—now acute—is that of giving these nationals talking pictures in their own languages—without materially increasing the production cost. You may talk about the art of the cinema till the records wear out (which they will after about 40 playings)—but the movies and the talkies are a success chiefly because they are cheap and can afford to play in small towns.

United Artists

MARY PICKFORD AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

It is hoped that this film will do good business in every country on the basis of its classical authorship

The solution which seems to hold the most possibilities is the double version—a scheme whereby a film being made in English will also be made with the same (or different) actors in Spanish, German or some other language. Bebe Daniels and Dolores del Rio speak excellent Spanish, it has been pointed out, while Maurice Chevalier's French and Emil Jannings's German are beyond reproach. The idea is to utilize the same sets, costumes, measurements and testings which take up most of the time in a studio and cause most of the overhead—for both versions. An English cast could work during the day after which a Spanish cast could repeat the business exactly at night. Paramount estimates that it will require but two hours to refilm in Spanish (or any other language) a scene originally shot in eight hours.

There are two ways in which these extra versions may be obtained. Different negatives may be made with actors speaking a different language—or a foreign-language version may later be synthetically created by taking out the original sound track and having voice doubles fake in French or German versions. While this would usually seem to be a very slipshod and unsatisfactory method, it will work well enough in the long shots in which the audience can not actually see the lips of the actors forming words. In close-ups the actors would be seen speaking English words while the talking mechanism sailed on in Spanish or Hindustani. Spanish is, most film men agree, the only other language beside English in which it will pay to make films on a large scale. The potential Spanish audience numbers 133,000,000 persons, according to Paramount. The trouble here, as with all languages, is that there are many varieties of Spanish. Spanish which is understood in Madrid means very little in Costa Rica, while the dialect used in Porto Rico is unintelligible in the Argentine, or in Brazil where Portuguese is spoken.

Even among English-speaking peoples there are many difficulties with dialects and slang. People in the Middle West object to the British accent, while Londoners not only dislike our intonations but are completely bewildered by the lingo spoken by the underworld or backstage characters who at present constitute so large a portion of the talkie population.

German probably comes second on the list of languages in which it will be profitable to make extra versions of Hollywood films. As long ago as last

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The Strong Men of Europe

By T. R. YBARRA

THERE COMES a time in the affairs of European nations when the government is in chaos, when officials of the various governmental departments dash about aimlessly, waving their arms and tearing their hair and colliding with each other, until suddenly a beetle-browed individual steps in, brushes them all aside, sits down at the principal desk in the principal government office, and begins issuing curt orders. The officials stop waving their arms and tearing their hair and colliding with each other and look in bewilderment at the beetle-browed individual.

"Who are you?" one of them finally inquires.

"Why, don't you know?" he replies. "I am the Strong Man. Now get busy there! Rush this letter over to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs! And, you over there, stop rolling your eyes and take down this letter to the Minister of War! 'Dear Sir—— Referring to yours of——' "

Whereupon everybody suddenly becomes alert and efficient and does everything the Strong Man orders with neatness and dispatch.

That is what happened in Austria last month. Irrespective of whether, when these lines appear in print, the government of Herr Johann Schober is still in power or, like so many other hastily-summoned European governments, has been as hastily dissolved, the fact remains that the advent of Herr Schober was a noteworthy historical landmark. It proved that, although the World War was supposedly liquidated a full ten years ago by the Treaty of Versailles, and a normal era of peace duly ushered in, the European situation remains so shaky that the Strong Men of Europe are still, occasionally, very much in demand.

Herr Schober is one of the Strong Men of Europe. He proved it when he was Chief of Police of Vienna during Austria's worst post-War days. He proved it when he was Austrian Premier half a dozen years ago. He proved it when, again Chief of Police, he quelled the Vienna street riots of the summer of 1927. And his claim to ranking high among the Strong Men was maintained once for all when he was chosen last month as Austria's main hope of salvation from impending civil war. Perhaps the hope was vain—the fact remains, however, that Schober was picked out from among all the candidates for the Premiership of the Austrian Republic, just as Clémenceau was chosen Prime Minister of France when the Germans were converging upon Paris in 1914, and Lloyd George was made British Premier when Britons and Teutons were in a death-grapple.

The Strong Men of Europe! Always they stride to the fore when clouds are black, and thunder is muttering, and lightning flashing. So it was with Schober in Austria last month.

I was in Vienna when he was serving his first term as Chief of Police. At that time things in Austria were in a bad way. The country had emerged, to be sure, from the hunger and desperation which were its portion just after the Armistice, but everybody was still jumpy, the extremists were then, just as they were last month, apparently ready for any deed of violence that might bring them into power, and the Austrian government, penniless and well-nigh powerless, seemed doomed to succumb at any moment. Schober, however, sat quietly at Vienna Police Headquarters, kept his men up to a military pitch of discipline, waited calmly for whatever might happen. One day a foreign resident of Vienna, who had been made nervous by the constant threats of impending violence, called upon the Chief of Police at his office, and asked:

"Herr Schober, what will the police of Vienna do in case of trouble?"

Schober looked him squarely in the eye.

"In case of trouble," he replied slowly and evenly, "the police of Vienna will do exactly what I tell them to do."

At that time he was not required to prove the truth of his words. But not long afterward, in 1927, rioting broke out in Vienna, mobs surged through the streets, public buildings were set on fire, the threatened "Red" revolution seemed at hand.

But the rebels had left Schober out of their reckoning. Remembering nothing except that he was Chief of Police and, as such, responsible for keeping order in the city, he commanded his men to charge the rioters, cut them down, shoot to kill.

Vienna's streets were red with blood, the riots were crushed, the "revolution" throttled at birth.

"In case of trouble the police of Vienna will do exactly what I tell them to do!" Schober had said. They did. A new name had been added to the list of the Strong Men of Europe. And, two years later, Schober was Austrian Premier at a most critical moment in Austria's post-war history, simply because of his reputation for strength.

But the very strength that brings the Strong Men into power at critical moments is likely to be their undoing when situations return to normal. The eagerness of a nation to summon a Strong Man when there is a peril to be met is only exceeded by its eagerness to get rid of him when the peril is past.

The Armistice ended the reign of Clémenceau in France; Lloyd George, his fellow Strong Man of war-time, soon followed him into retirement. Gustav Noske, the German Strong Man who smashed the Red uprising in Germany after the Armistice, has been relegated ever since to secondary posts. To many Germans neither Socialistic nor Communistic in their sympathies, the memory of how Noske poured troops into Berlin in that bloody January of 1919, ordering them—just as Schober later ordered the Vienna police—to shoot to kill, is so horrifying that it has blinded them to all else when they discuss Noske. When Noske's name has come up as a possibility for high office they have said: "No! Better somebody else. You see, Noske is a Strong Man!"

On more than one occasion recently, Primo de Rivera, the Strong Man of Spain, has been made to feel that he has outlived his usefulness. And Mussolini, strongest of all European Strong Men, has sought to concentrate the attention of Italians upon Fascism, hoping thus to continue indefinitely in power as the incarnation of the Fascist Idea.

Surely Georges Clémenceau, David Lloyd George, Gustav Noske and others among the Strong Men of Europe, must have turned attentive eyes on Austria last month when Johann Schober was made Premier.

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The Trend of Events

Log of Bishop Cannon

SUNDAY, OCT. 6—Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, recommends that purchasing liquor be made as culpable as selling it.

Monday, Oct. 7—Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, defines the issue in the Virginia Gubernatorial campaign, opposes the regular Democratic nominee, deplores "Raskobian liberalism," asks for the election of Dr. Brown, fusion candidate of the Republicans and anti-Smith Democrats.

Tuesday, Oct. 8—Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, sends to Congress an appeal for the passage of the Sheppard bill introduced in the Senate on Monday, providing that purchasing liquor be made as culpable as selling it. Says, "It is logical and necessary for the effective enforcement of the prohibition law."

Wednesday, Oct. 9—Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, urges employers in Southern textile mills to hold conferences with their employees upon matters whereon they differ; insists that if Senate investigates textile situation in the South it should also investigate textile situation in the North.

Thursday, Oct. 10—No record for Thursday, Oct. 10. Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, religious leader, may have saved the day for religious leadership.

Get This Man

SENATOR SHEPPARD DID well to propose that the purchase, as well as the sale, of intoxicating liquor be made a crime. Let the Volstead Act be so amended at once; then let Federal liquor agents quicken on the scent, so that America's arch-criminal, the average liquor-purchaser, may be haled to justice.

Here is a low, furtive fellow; it is high time his round, slightly worried, middle-aged face reached the Rogue's Gallery. Strange, considering his criminal record, that it has not appeared there before. In his youth this man was punished for shooting spitballs at the schoolroom ceiling. At eighteen, cigarettes were found in his pockets, though he had promised not to smoke until he came of age. Later, on a fine lonely stretch of road, he might have been seen racing his car in defiance of the speed limit. He was known to kiss on the parlor sofa and tell at the corner drug store.

Though he has often sworn to his wife that he married her for love alone, it is not impossible that her father's being president of the local bank had something to do with it. Perjury, you

TO JAIL WITH HIM

The consumer as seen by Brown in the "New York Herald Tribune"

see. His friends could tell you that, when he telephones her that he is detained at the office, it is not always strictly true. A liar, then. Any one would know him for the rascal he is, who once caught sight of him late Sunday morning, slippered and unshaven, scattering secular newspapers on the overstuffed living-room set, or twirling the dial of his $200 radio for music derived from heathen African tribes.

He is ill-tempered and irascible before breakfast. He grows blasphemous when he hits his thumb with a hammer or finds that one of the children has left his pet niblick out in the rain. He has little sympathy for the minor illnesses of his family, but demands their undivided attention during one of his increasingly frequent attacks of indigestion. When his doctor puts him on a diet, he often sneaks out to supplement his wholesome vegetable dinner with an order of steak and fried potatoes and a piece of apple pie. He is not above using a tip from a business acquaintance in the traction company to turn over a neat little profit in real estate.

Knowing all this about him, it is easy to surmise that he is familiar with the password at Pete's, that he doctors his ginger ale in the locker room, and serves occasional cocktails to his friends. One would not go far wrong, indeed, in guessing that he accompanies these hellish acts with a prodigious wink of the eye. A dangerous criminal if there ever was one.

Empty Objections

SENATORS NORRIS AND HAWES are among those who, incredible as it may seem, have declined to huzzah over the Sheppard bill. Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, to which the bill has been referred, Senator Norris declares that if passed it will defeat 95 per cent of prohibition prosecutions. The testimony of buyers must be employed to convict sellers, he points out. If buyers were made as guilty as sellers, they would stand on their rights and refuse to testify against themselves. To this Senator Sheppard has a ready and crushing answer. "The minute the buyer is made subject to the law," he says, "the moral effect would be so widespread as to reduce violations of the law 50 per cent."

In the opinion of Senator Hawes, the Sheppard measure would create "more domestic discord, more spies, more informers." It would mean, he believes another tremendous inclusion of tens of millions of men and women in the class of criminals, which would spell "more resentment, more opposition, and, in the long run, less law enforcement." Jails, workhouses, and penitentiaries are overcrowded, he declares. He cites the report of the judicial conference of senior circuit judges, which shows that cases pending in Federal courts on June 30, 1929, numbered 149,000, as compared with 147,000 a year earlier; that the largest single class of cases is under the national prohibition act; that in the year ending June 30, 1929, 11,237 civil cases were commenced in Federal courts

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under this act as compared with 9,928 for the previous year, and 56,786 criminal cases, as compared with 55,279.

This reference to court congestion might prove a telling argument were it not for one fact which completely disposes of it. Attorney General Mitchell, to relieve the congestion, has decided to appoint thirty more Assistant United States Attorneys and to increase the personnel in the offices of court clerks and marshals. For this purpose he has asked the Budget Bureau for an extra appropriation of "several hundreds of thousands of dollars." If this does not take care of the congestion, he can easily ask for more.

▶▶Munich Midas

FOUR YEARS AGO FRANZ TAUSEND, of Germany, former plumber, announced himself able to turn lead into gold. Seeing's believing, said a group of hearers, among them General von Ludendorff, and asked for a demonstration. Tausend obliged. Into a pot went this and that, the mixture bubbled over a flame, and, sure enough, the result was glittering gold. Seeing's believing, said the hearers, and dug into their pockets for $100,000.

For a time everything went beautifully; Franz lived happily on the fat of the land. Then the police stepped in and threw him into jail. Franz protested bitterly, asked for a chance to prove his claims, and finally was given one. A few days ago, under the cynical eyes of detectives and other doubters, he repeated his experiment in the State mint at Munich. Into a pot went this and that, the mixture bubbled over a flame, and, sure enough, the result was glittering gold.

Though for a time they were almost converted, those who came to scoff remained to scoff. They suspected Tausend of smuggling in the gold and salting the samples. They also recalled that his former partner had been present and had handed Franz a package of cigarettes, which might have been sprinkled with gold dust. Tausend could have flipped a good deal of gold into the pot while flicking off the ashes. They decided to give the public the benefit of the doubt and keep the alchemist-promoter in jail. Which was sensible enough.

Just as Franz first began to confuse himself with Midas, Miethe and Haber, the Germans, Smits the Dutchman, and half a dozen other really able scientists held that they had effected the transmutation of one element into another. One by one their claims fell through. Duplicating Miethe's experiment and Smits's, other scientists, notably Professor Sheldon of New York and Dr. Thomassen, an assistant of the physicist Millikan, got nothing. Haber discovered that the gold he had produced came from his assistant's spectacles. Science continues to believe the transmutation of elements impossible.

Wide World

STAYS ON
Andrew W. Mellon to remain as Secretary of the Treasury

▶▶Mellon Will Stay

WALL STREET LED THE APPLAUSE when the White House announced that Andrew W. Mellon would continue as Secretary of the Treasury until March 4, 1933. Business men on all sides joined in. If not "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," Mr. Mellon has been one of the most praised. When he entered the Harding Cabinet in 1921, tax reduction was called for; it was accomplished. The war loans were to be funded; they have been. The public debt was swollen; the swelling has been reduced. Economy was necessary; it was forthcoming.

Any Secretary of the Treasury would have been obliged to undertake these tasks, but Mr. Mellon, aided by carping opposition, so identified himself with them that they became regarded almost as personal achievements. With the help of able Under Secretaries —sometimes said to write his statements —he has for eight years made the Treasury a prolific source of news, most of it good.

Far from infallible, he almost regularly underestimates the annual surplus. He has sometimes misjudged the money market, as in 1927, when the calling of the Second Liberty Loan bonds faltered. Not without his enemies, he has often been attacked, by prohibitionists as a distiller, by Democrats as a tool of the interests, by progressives as a millionaire, and by Senator Couzens as a total loss.

Though not the dominant figure in this Administration that he was in the last—one of President Hoover's first acts was to reverse his policy of secrecy for income tax refunds—he seems content to remain in office, despite his advanced, if elastic, age. In 1921, he gave his birth year, as 1852, in 1927 he gave it as 1855.

Now that he has served under three Presidents, he may covet the Cabinet record of his Pennsylvania predecessor, Gallatin, who held office from 1801 to 1814. Having developed a taste for public life and politics, despite humiliations at the horny hands of Bill Vare, he may not relish returning to the banking business in Pittsburgh. Apparently he prefers to walk between his home and the Treasury Building, to slip through a side door of the White House for Cabinet meetings, which he rarely misses, to contemplate the purchase of expensive paintings between puffs on his small cigars, to plan additional reductions in taxes. If so, he has the approval of the country, which regards him as the very symbol of fat times.

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▶▶*Hoover Committees*

COMMITTEES APPOINTED by Mr. Hoover before March 4, 1929, continue to report now that he is President. Committees appointed by Mr. Hoover after March 4, 1929, may continue to report after his present term is over. Here is a committee recommending that prison-made goods be removed from the open market or be tagged to differentiate them from other goods. It was appointed by Mr. Hoover, to collaborate with the Department of Commerce, fully four and a half years ago.

Mr. Hoover will go down in history as committee-appointer nonpareil. Committees are his habitual answer to puzzling public questions. Should 200,000,000 acres of the public domain be turned over to States in the West? Appoint a committee to see. Do farmers protest against the Mississippi flood-control program? Let work be stopped until a committee has conducted another survey. Is the Army running up too big a bill? The President makes the General Staff a committee to effect economies. Do prohibition cases clog the Federal courts? John McNab, a committee of one, will learn whether the congestion is necessary. Would administrative changes increase the effectiveness of the prohibition laws? The President has twice asked Congress to appoint a committee to consider that problem. Is America a lawless country? A committee appointed by the President is scrutinizing the whole darned subject.

An orderly way of getting at facts, this is also a handy way of postponing decisions on a question until furore over it dies down. But whatever its merits or faults, Mr. Hoover believes in it heartily.

Under the House tariff bill the President would appoint a committee to determine how far duties should be based on values in the United States. Mr. Hoover would like that. Under the Broussard measure recently defeated in the Senate the President was to appoint a committee to investigate Philippine independence. That must have interested Mr. Hoover. Philippine independence is one thing he probably hadn't thought of appointing a committee about.

▶▶*Tariff Still Pending*

IN THE DEBATE ON THE TARIFF Senate Republicans have taken less and less satisfaction. Sponsors of the bill, they have stood by helplessly while the Democratic-Progressive coalition has chopped out provision after provision endorsed by the Republican majority of the Finance Committee.

Disturbed when, over Mr. Hoover's protest, the flexible provision was amended to empower Congress, not the President, to alter rates on the Tariff Commission's recommendation, they were dismayed when the provision contemplating American valuation of imports was discarded. When the provision permitting industrial, labor, and agricultural interests to be represented in trials of appraisal cases was ripped out, their spirit went with it. At the insistence of the American Federation of Labor, however, this provision was, in effect, restored.

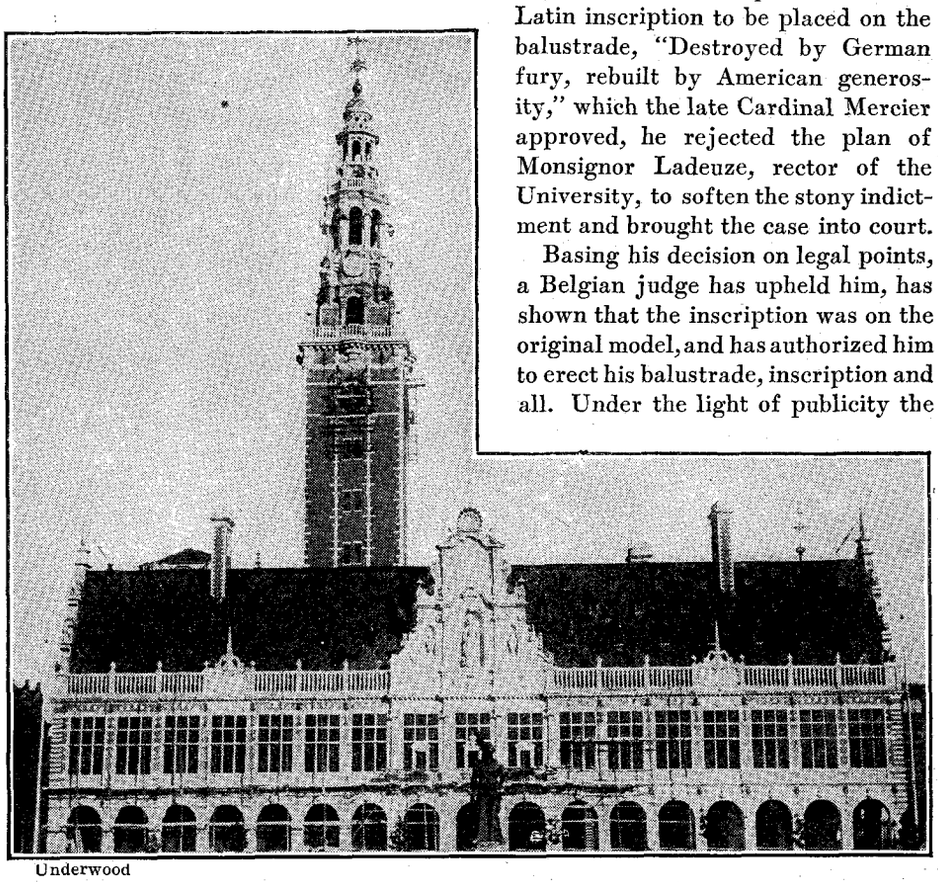
Encouraged by its successes, the coalition planned to rewrite the whole bill, including the rate schedules. The fact that it could do so, if it held together, sent the Republicans into a depression which Senator Reed was powerless to alter by scolding, and from which Senator Watson could not recall them by bluff assurances of better things. Senator Metcalf's despairing counsel that Congress adjourn without revising the tariff at all won gloomy approval. As the days went on, even Senator Watson lost his buoyancy, and predicted that the special session might end with the tariff bill hanging fire. Sadly, he admitted that "we simply cannot speed up the coalition."

Entertaining—though it did not pass—a motion designed to free the Philippine Islands, and supported primarily so that a duty might be imposed upon their sugar for the enrichment of Utah and Louisiana, the Senate presented the spectacle of tariff-lovers gone daft. It partly redeemed itself when it followed Senator Cutting's well-reasoned advice to repeal the section against the importation of literature which customs clerks consider obscene. It might well have taken a tuck in the blanket prohibition against publications urging forcible resistance to any American law or containing a threat to inflict bodily harm on any one in the United States.

▶▶*Ill Will in Louvain*

IF WHITNEY WARREN, American architect, plucks the fruits of a recent court victory, posterity may know him chiefly as an architect of ill will. Mr. Warren designed the rebuilt library of the University of Louvain. Sponsor for the Latin inscription to be placed on the balustrade, "Destroyed by German fury, rebuilt by American generosity," which the late Cardinal Mercier approved, he rejected the plan of Monsignor Ladeuze, rector of the University, to soften the stony indictment and brought the case into court.

Basing his decision on legal points, a Belgian judge has upheld him, has shown that the inscription was on the original model, and has authorized him to erect his balustrade, inscription and all. Under the light of publicity the



Underwood

LOUVAIN LIBRARY

The balustrade which may bear the "German fury" inscription

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central issue has grown. It is no longer whether a client may interfere with an architect's plans, but whether a Christian university, the intellectual center of the Low Country, is to display a sentiment likely to inflame old wounds.

Speaking for the Carnegie Foundation, one donor of the new library, Nicholas Murray Butler has protested that the Warren inscription endangers the peace. The Commission for Relief in Belgium Education Foundation, of which Mr. Hoover was the head, has said that the library was an American gift, with no strings attached, and that the Louvain authorities could write their own inscription. This they would have done, had not Mr. Warren interfered. They point out that the University welcomes German students, to whom the inscription would be a cruel reminder. Sensitive Americans oppose it not only on this ground but because it suggests the clink of American money-bags. The echo of the controversy disturbs the busy hum of statesmen still struggling with the task of liquidating the War.

Has Mr. Warren noted that Ernest Lissauer, author of the German "Hymn of Hate," has repudiated his famous poem? He wrote it, he says, believing that England meant to throttle the German people. Since then he learned better, and it pains him to find his name always associated with killing and destroying. The sentiment is more in harmony with this disillusioned post-War period than that which Mr. Warren would set blazing across a balustrade in Louvain.

▸▸*Pax Anglo-Americana*

Reasonable hopes raised by Premier MacDonald's visit were largely justified by the event. Nothing sensational appeared; nothing sensational was expected. The Premier's statements were graceful, vague, idealistic, verbose, and charming; they were expected to be. Premier and President met, as they wanted to; explained to each other how far they could go, as every one knew they would; said, without saying in so many words, that freedom of the seas was the next problem to be tackled, and that they would prepare to tackle it forthwith.

The British Foreign Office chose the occasion to invite the United States, France, Italy, and Japan to the naval disarmament conference to be held in London in January. The purpose will be to anticipate, and to extend the scope of, the conference contemplated by the Washington treaty of 1922. The United States promptly accepted, in a single sentence.

Informed of the British-American negotiations as they progressed, the other powers were not surprised by the proposal not only to limit cruisers, but to cut down on battleship replacements

Harris & Ewing

SOCIAL FIXER
James Clement Dunn, principal ceremonial officer at Washington

and to abolish submarines. That they will be wary may be assumed; it may also be assumed that they will attend the conference. There they will certainly refuse to abandon their cheap and lethal submarines, whatever else they do.

In their joint statement, President Hoover and Premier MacDonald defined a new relationship between their nations, having as its purpose the discovery of "means by which the moral force of our countries can be exerted for peace." The basis of this relationship is the war-renouncing Pact of Paris, accepted "as a positive obligation to direct national policy in accordance with its pledge." British-American warfare, they said, is unthinkable; more, "we approach old historical problems [i.e., freedom of the seas] from a new angle and in a new atmosphere." Such problems "have changed their meaning and character, and their solution in ways satisfactory to both countries has become possible."

Calming apprehensions of an Anglo-American entente, they declared in behalf of their nations that "one will never consent to become entangled in European diplomacy, and the other is resolved to pursue a policy of active cooperation with its European neighbors." Addressing the nationalistic Senate in such vein, the Premier showed shrewdness, as he did when he held a conversation, possibly on freedom of the seas, with the fourth branch of the Government, Senator Borah of Idaho.

The public, directly addressed through the microphone, may be prepared for great things. Pax Romana meant security for much of the ancient world. Pax Anglo-Americana may have a similar meaning for much of the modern world.

▸▸*Jimmie Dunn*

For weeks before Premier MacDonald's arrival in Washington the short, well-knit figure of James Clement Dunn could be seen gliding through the gloomy corridors of the State Department building. For weeks, off and on, he conferred with the President and the Secretary of State. Then, for a week, the press boasted such items as this: "The center of all eyes at first was Miss Ishbel MacDonald, who sat in the diplomatic box of the gallery with Lady Isabella Howard . . . Behind them sat James C. Dunn."

Essentially, Jimmie's task was to have the proper place ready for the Premier at the proper time. Ordinarily his job is a lot more intricate than that, as his title indicates. It is principal ceremonial officer at the White House and Chief of the Division of International Conferences and Protocol of the State Department.

Jimmie is the Capital's social fixer.

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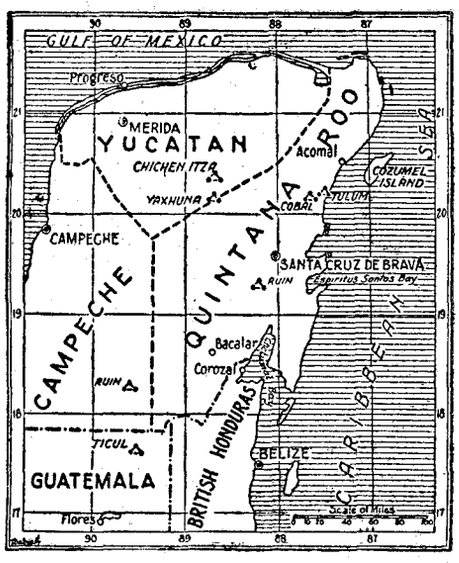

Courtesy N. Y. "Times"

THE MAYAN REGION

Ground over which Lindbergh flew in his search for ancient ruins

Does a high official seek advice on morning, afternoon, or evening wear? He consults Jimmie Dunn. Who knows whether the Minister from Siam outranks the Minister from Guatemala? Jimmie Dunn. Jimmie could tell you in a minute whether Mrs. Gann belonged at the head of the White House table. Probably he would, too, if the State Department would let him. With an unofficial left hand he has good-naturedly plucked many a perplexed hostess from the brink of despair. He is not only a wizard with place cards; he does heavy work also. The President and the Secretary of the Navy will turn to Jimmie Dunn if they need aid in framing instructions for their representatives at the London naval parley.

Bespatted, natty, unruffled, Jimmie makes an ideal Ward McAllister to official Washington's Four Hundred. His skin is dark, his hair, parted diplomatically in the middle, is black as a Spaniard's. Much shaving—he is in great demand—has given him a blue-beard complexion in strange contrast to his gentle voice and demeanor. An inveterate conversationalist, an engaging companion, a retentive reader, a great one for innocent gossip, he has valuable qualifications for his post. He is married to Maria Armour of the Chicago Armours.

Newark, N. J., is his birthplace. In June, 1917, he left the profession of architecture—he had previously studied law—and joined the Navy. Resigning as lieutenant two years later, he caught on as aide to the naval attaché at Havana, and definitely renounced blueprints for blue books. Since then he has progressed from Class Four to Class Two in the foreign service and may soon become a consul. It seems sacrilege, however, to think of him fumbling dusty trade documents. If social standing and graces profit a career man, he should go higher. Doubtless many dowagers are eager to enlist influential husbands in movements for the promotion of "that nice Mister Dunn."

▸▸*Tarring Rima*

A RECENT INCIDENT in London must have given pause to the thoughtful. Jacob Epstein's statue of Rima in the W. H. Hudson bird sanctuary in Hyde Park was found tarred and feathered. Police do not know who disfigured the gaunt, realistic interpretation of the child of nature created by Hudson in "Green Mansions," but have concluded that the vandals were revengeful admirers of the Sir George Frampton statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, which, some months ago, was similarly treated.

The controversy is not between Barrie and Hudson, but between modernists and fundamentalists of sculpture. Ever since the unveiling of Rima four years ago, when a group of them smeared the statue with grease paint, fundamentalists have had it in for Epstein. He has travestied Hudson's unworldly conception, they say, by making the bird-lover a gross, fleshy woman. Epstein partisans have replied by denouncing old-fashioned, idealistic statues, such as Peter Pan, as fit only to decorate wedding cakes. Since the sides are evenly matched, and statues of both types are likely to appear for some time, members of each group may fall into the tarring habit whenever their pent-up aesthetic emotions grow too strong for them.

As a means of expressing rebellion, disagreement, and dissent, the tarring and feathering of statues has advantages which might well recommend it outside the field of art controversy. It is less dangerous than duelling or warfare; yet, involving action and excitement, it offers far greater relief for the feelings than arguing, snapping the fingers, or thumbing the nose and shouting, "Ya-ah!" Above all, it suggests, at long last, a use for public statues. It even suggests a splendid way for alumni to utilize their college education, so much of which consisted of stealing the chapel bell, painting the dormitory steps green, and carrying off goal posts. There are plenty of statues and enough of them are symbolic of something or other to provide for most of the controversies arising from day to day. Mankind will need some relief for pugnacious instincts, now that war is "unthinkable." And statues can easily be washed.

▸▸*Woman's Predicament*

WITH LONG SKIRTS DEFINITELY upon her, and the fashionable small waistline hinting at heaven knows what kind of reversion to the Gibson girl era, the modern woman finds herself in a predicament. Her brief attire and the business-like stride it made possible had come to symbolize her emancipation. She sometimes boasted of her sensible clothing as proof that she had become an entirely new person as compared to her mother and grandmother, who had allowed themselves to be hampered by petticoats. Now the question seems to be whether, with the garb of the new freedom out of style, the new freedom itself will still remain.

Underwood

TARRED AND FEATHERED

Epstein's figure of Rima in Hyde Park, London

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Fannie Hurst says it will not. If woman allows fashion to rule her and goes back to draperies, furbelows, and corsets, says Miss Hurst, she will be a laughing-stock in the eyes of the man whose equal she has been striving to become in business and public life. All her progress during the last seven years will be lost; she will be back where she started. The Young Women's Christian Association agrees. A committee of athletic clubs of the Association recently organized a national campaign against high waists and long skirts, denouncing them as "ridiculous, unhealthy, uncomfortable, disgusting, obsolete, and a backward step."

On the other side is Jane Cowl, the actress. Miss Cowl has always deplored flapper fashions and manners, she says in *Collier's* and, until recently, had given up all hope for the modern woman. Noting the presence of ruffles, however, she plucked up courage, since new fashions in clothing are likely to herald new fashions in behavior. Is the incoming femininity, she asks, an indication that woman may again acquire a gentler dignity to match her dress, a little reserve, and even some mystery to temper brash efficiency? Now that woman has won equal rights and proved that she is capable of handling a difficult job, says Miss Cowl, let her see to it that the earth does not lack charm, gentleness, and subtlety.

Progress and Promise

WITH THE NON-STOP, long-distance airplane record boosted, the giant R-101 launched, and the flying bride and groom home with snapshots of hitherto undiscovered Mayan cities, air achievement again takes a spurt forward.

Starting from Paris, and prevented by heavy gales from reaching Tokio, Lieutenant Costes and Maurice Bellonte landed in Manchuria. They had flown approximately 4,857 miles, bettering by some 375 miles the record which has been held by Ferrarin and Del Prette.

This must seem like a mere errand to the Lindberghs, who, opening a mail route to Dutch Guiana and chauffeuring two archaeologists over Central America, ticked off something like 10,000 miles. Though the public may have been less interested in Mayan ruins than in what its favorite married couple had for lunch—precious dry fare it was, too, consisting mostly of bananas, chocolate, and crackers—this expedition nevertheless opened up a promising new field for fliers. Exploration of the ancient cities of the Mayas, credited with the most advanced American civilization before the arrival of the white man, hitherto has been difficult because of a maze of jungles. The airplane seems well adapted to work of this kind. If plans for further trips are carried out, archaeology may benefit richly and geographers fill up spaces long blank on their maps.

Meanwhile, the race for size goes on between airplanes and lighter-than-air craft. Prophets in both camps continue to outdo each other. No sooner had Britain's 52-passenger R-101 been launched, the largest and most luxurious dirigible in the world, than Commander Sir Charles Burney, builder of the R-101, began to talk of a monster airship capable of landing and floating quietly on the water, making dirigible transportation entirely safe and dependable. Scarcely allowing him to finish, Igor Sikorsky, airplane designer, predicted 100-ton air liners with thousand-horsepower motors, capable of carrying 200 persons. The construction in a year or two of the Armstrong sea-drum raft, to be anchored in mid-ocean so that planes may refuel and get their bearings, will bring regular thirty-six hour trans-Atlantic transport service, Mr. Sikorsky says.

He also believes that planes will reach altitudes where the earth's gravitational force is no longer felt and it will be possible to attain a speed of 800 miles an hour.

Remarkable Remarks

I would take as my text "faith, hope and parity" and the greatest of these is parity.—ADMIRAL HUGH RODMAN.

I don't believe Shearer had anything to do with the failure of the Geneva conference. — REPRESENTATIVE HAMILTON FISH, JR.

I suspect that your children leave school thinking that the world was created in 1492 and redeemed in 1776.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

The Church was not promoted in the Middle West at the right time and it is not as strong now as it should have been.—RIGHT REV. THOMAS CASADY.

There seems to be something about prairie Fundamentalism that tends to produce chorus men.—ELSIE MCCORMICK.

Every farmer in Oklahoma has a picture of the new Farm Board right on their wall, in between the two mortgages.—WILL ROGERS.

I have become convinced that if you took equal numbers of rich girls and of others in moderate circumstances, you would find among the latter infinitely more contentment, greater freedom, and truer happiness.—MARJORIE OELRICHS.

It is very easy to succeed in spite of poverty. It is difficult to succeed in spite of wealth.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I have never been able to understand men going off together on little sprees, neglecting their wives.—RUDY VALLEE.

In Brief

"A SINGLE GLASS OF BEER," says Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, "is sufficient to render a man incapable of driving an automobile safely," which may account for the extinction, through automobile accidents, of all the inhabitants of Germany . . . . William Fox announces that a news reel theatre, showing news films alone, will soon be established in New York, a prospect that may please newspaper editors less than it will please the movie-going public . . . . Style experts complain that, though gored skirts are to become the fashion, it will be difficult to persuade women to wear them, since so many heartily detest them. Is it stupid to ask why gored skirts should become the fashion if women heartily detest them? . . . . Joe Humphreys, who has been announcing prizefights for thirty-nine years, declares that he has never had a doctor look at his throat and that he smokes sixty cigarettes a day. And the brand, Mr. Humphreys? . . . . Mayor John C. Lodge of Detroit, great-uncle of Colonel Lindbergh, was defeated for renomination in the recent municipal primary. The Flying Eagle's grip on the public esteem begins to appear comparatively loose . . . . "Berlin Orders Boess [its Mayor] to Return at Once," says a newspaper headline; "City Fathers Tell Him to End Tour of America as Contract Scandal Involves Municipal Officials." Alas that

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municipal politics seem to be just about like that just about everywhere . . . . According to the marriage service in the revised Protestant Episcopal prayer book, the bride need not promise to "obey" her husband. But neither must the groom voice the promise, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." Do the ladies think it's worth it?

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, we discover to our delight, has sown some disquieting ideals among a group here that is sorely in need of disillusionment concerning itself and the objects of its daily observation. We refer to the revolutionary thoughts which, we understand, he may have left with Washington correspondents whose duty it is to record the doings of the worthies on Capitol Hill and downtown. The British Prime Minister, we learn, gave them a vision of a higher and different order of politics and politicians than they have seen or dreamed of. We would not be surprised if the more serious-minded, provided there are any, found this prophet of peace and proletarianism a refreshing contrast from the smug and shoddy leaders of political parties on this side of the water. By comparison with his aims and ardor, most of our statesmen sink to the level of ward heelers, whereas MacDonald seemed like a splendid Mt. Sinai sort of figure. Indeed, as they learned of his sacrifices in raising the British Labor Party from a soap box and non-conformist pulpits to 10 Downing Street, the men of the press must have conceived a greater admiration and understanding not only for the man himself but for the sanity of a nation that would entrust him with power at this critical juncture in world history. We, meantime, have been timidly barring the Karolyis from the United States for "radical" views.

In MacDonald our correspondents saw a successful and practical politician who, with biblical eloquence and fervor, discoursed of beauty and truth and poetry as political forces and issues, who spoke hopefully of the establishment of the "City of God on earth," who hailed Ruskin and Carlyle as the platform poets of the British Labor Party.

For the first time, we imagine, many of our political experts sensed that a party could be built on something more durable than a desire for office, personal aggrandizement or political profits. The more philosophic, we suspect, saw an analogy between the setback which MacDonald's predecessors suffered from the imperialism of the Victorian period and the reverses of our own Progressives during the Coolidge-Harding era of prosperity. Many of the depicters of the American scene, we fear, were scandalized at the Prime Minister's eulogy and defense of the system of "state socialism" that was so scathingly denounced by President Hoover in his campaign address at Madison Square Garden. It was not until MacDonald had departed from the Capital that some of our writers awoke to the realization that the man they admired so tremendously was actually a "radical." We fear the correspondents for some of our great conservative dailies—the *Times*, the *Herald-Tribune* and the Chicago *Tribune*—will never be the same again, and if their outlook has been broadened, that will surely work a hardship on the Watsons, the Smoots, the Reeds and their Democratic allies in Congress.

Temple in New Orleans "Times-Picayune" (Cartoon)

"Costly pets, eh, Herbert?"

Ironically, our own statesmen seized upon the occasion of MacDonald's visit to show themselves at their worst, as did other exponents of America *über alles*. A few days before the Prime Minister's errand of peace and good will, Senator McKellar, the Beau Brummel from Mr. Scopes's State of Tennessee, delivered a jingoistic oration that brought a clatter of cheers from the American Legion convention at Louisville. Mr. Schwab shed pious tears as he poured forth prayers for the sinking of all steel navies, but he could not explain away his company's employment of William B. Shearer as an "observer" at the Geneva conference. Senators who never fail to parade statistics of "prosperity"—increased production of radios, washing machines and refrigerators—voted for a tariff provision which would bar some of MacDonald's speeches and writings from this country. Such Progressives as Jones, Couzens and Steiwer, and such an interesting intellectual as "Dave" Reed of Pennsylvania, supported the section which would exclude those threatening "bodily harm to any person in the United States." While MacDonald talked of verities, our American politicians, in the words of Senator Tydings of Maryland, "fought phantom fears," or justified their juvenile jousting against "radical" political and philosophical ideas on the ground that they were protecting an infant industry—the book-of-the-month clubs.

Now, we do not mean to be hypercritical, or to affect an unreasonable admiration for foreign over domestic goods. We know that Great Britain likewise has its political sideshows, as well as imitation statesmen, but we doubt if any parliamentary tent under the sun ever rivalled the Barnumlike exhibition of the United States Senate during the week of the Prime Minister's sojourn in the Capital.

A. F. C.

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Eleven A. M. and After

A Hospital Unit on the Western Front

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

The greatest of all wars is over and the issue now is: when do we go home? The author returned in July, 1919, and made the rather disillusioning discovery that "today the only fight, apparently, in which anybody is interested is that between Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey." This concluding installment of "Stretchers" is not a section of the forthcoming book, though it is based upon it. It was prepared by Mr. Pottle especially for "The Outlook and Independent"

ON THE DAY of the armistice, I am told, the cities of the United States let themselves go in an orgy of noise and excitement such as no one living had ever seen, or is likely to see again. Now that ten years and more of time have been investing that day with poetry, even for those of us who were in the roar of the guns, it is fitting to turn back to the simple records made by men at the front to see with what matter-of-factness we approached the great moment.

(Letter, Oct. 13.) "I had hoped to begin at least one letter without an apology for its being late, but I'm afraid it's been more than a week since my last. Since Oct. 1 I have been on night duty. We have been terribly rushed. The ambulances bring us our wounded just about as fast as we can operate."

(Diary.) "Oct. 13. Rumor has it again that Germany agrees to 14 Wilson terms, but outside of little excitement about hospital, all remained the same. Many gassed entered at night.

"Oct. 15. Boys tell of machine gunners capturing 'Dutch' in dugout and how they cut his legs off." [I have included this shocking entry to show that a sufficiently credulous or unscrupulous person could have collected a remarkable list of "atrocities" from the yarns of our wounded men. Nearly all of them were fictions. Some, I fear, were true. The same thing may be said of those with which the Germans were charged.]

(Diary.) "Oct. 18, 1918. As soon as the rain cleared off, saw two boche planes brought down. Landed just outside hospital grounds. Machine gun bullets flying thick and fast during the scrap."

(Letter, Oct. 19.) "Yesterday the sun came out for the first time in two weeks, and we had one glorious Indian summer day. We are having a rest. It seems too good to be true. For three full weeks our factory has been running day and night without let-up."

(Letter, Oct. 24.) "Last night the boche came over with a big moon behind him, and dropped three dandies in our general direction. He did no damage at all. But at least he gave us something to talk about. We worked hard today—mostly shrapnel wounds from the barrage, which is the loudest and deadliest of any we have encountered since the War began. I can almost believe that the guns on both sides stand hub to hub."

(Diary.) "Oct. 28. Slept all day, and took walk to Senoncourt with wash at night, then to duty. Slightly colder and a silver tint on the ground. Watched several boys die. Slept a little."

(Diary.) "Nov. 3. Learn of Kaiser's abdication. Austria ready to accept our terms. Boche plane brought down in the afternoon.

"Nov. 7. Heard from an unofficial source of Germany's surrender."

(Diary.) "Nov. 11. 7.30 A.M. Report armistice signed. Terrible barrage on now. 10.30, barrage still fierce and getting worse.

11 A. M.

Finie la guerre!"

(Letter, Nov. 14.) "I suppose you would like to know how the War ended. Our papers are a day late, and we always ended the War every day while we waited for them. We knew that Germany had until 11 o'clock to sign, but the night before the guns roared and flashed, and when I got up a heavy barrage was still going over. I went to the operating room and found the receiving ward choked with wounded waiting operation. It didn't look like the end of the War. We started in, all the tables full, everybody working at top speed. About nine o'clock we got the rumor that Germany had signed, hostilities to cease at eleven o'clock. But meanwhile the barrage was getting fiercer. We hardly believed the news. Besides, we were too busy to think anyway. I forgot all about it. At eleven o'clock I was writing down a dictation. Here it is:

Shock Ward.
223. November 11, 1918.
11 A.M.
Jones, John H.
Pvt., Co. G, 3—Inf. Duration 27 hrs. GSW right shoulder, machine gun bullet perforating from above clavicle, through neck, apex of lung, and scapula. Extensive injury to scapula and adjacent muscles. Débridement of posterior wound. CD tubes.
Hold.
Maj. Shipley.

"I was about half way through when it suddenly seemed strangely quiet—almost uncomfortably so. It took a moment for me to realize that the guns whose roar and concussion had kept the operating room shivering like a leaf in the wind almost without interruption for two months had ceased firing forever. When I heard the guns stop, the first thing I thought was, 'Well, we can leave the operating room curtains up this evening!' And they're up. Can you imagine how glorious it seems to see *light*, light *everywhere*, and have no fear of a boche airplane?"

People are always wanting me to make a summary of it, to look back on my war service and say, in the light of present events, what I think about it. Was it all a glorious success or a tragic failure? Once, when I had been out of the service only a little while, I used to express myself readily on such points. But I can't any more. I drive myself to write something; when the ink is dry I read what I have written, groan, and tear it up. Big empty words, like the hollow eloquence of an old-fashioned peroration. I try again; I write a sentence; I ponder, I muse. The painful feeling of hollowness vanishes; my mind glows and tingles with emergent life. Minutes pass, until there comes some sudden shock to arouse me, and then I find myself staring at a white expanse of paper with one black sentence at the top. I have

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not been judging my army experience at all. I have only been remembering it.

It is the moment of the armistice. The guns have just ceased roaring, and they will not begin again. I am filled with incredulous rapture. I want every one to rejoice. The boy lying on the table does not seem so happy as he should. I rush over to him and shout, "Don't you realize what has happened? The War is over!" He looks at me bitterly. "No," he says slowly, "not for me. Look at my arm." . . .

It is the morning of the 12th, and I have come again to the operating room expecting a holiday. The War is over. But the ambulances are still pulling briskly in; outside the receiving shack the usual pile of torn bloody uniforms, tangled spiral puttees, and muddy shoes is mounting, and inside the wounded men on stretchers cover the floor.

I walk on through the covered way to the operating room, where the tired night shift is just going off duty. The tables are filling with wounded, and the surgeons and nurses of the day shift are preparing for a hard day's work. I look at the diagnosis tags to see when these men were wounded. Nearly all of them yesterday forenoon, between six o'clock, when the order for the suspension of hostilities reached the units, and eleven o'clock, when the guns stopped. Our high command deemed it inexpedient to allow any weakening of the pressure on the German line in those hours when it was morally certain that the War would be over by eleven. On the contrary, the tempo of the barrage was speeded up, and large bodies of troops thrown over the top up to the last minute. We curse about it as we look down that long row of tables in the operating room and see those poor chaps smashed up who, so far as we can see, need never have been wounded at all. "The bloody butchers!" No, only hard-worked men who thought they were doing their military duty. But I wish, after they had issued that order, that they had had to stand at the door of our operating room, look at every wounded man as he was carried in, and ask themselves the question, "Was it worth the price?" . . .

It is a week after the armistice now, and there are no more wounded at all. A tent fly has been stretched across one end of the operating room to save heating the whole space, and the operating scribes are gathered there about the stove, compiling statistics from the record books. We have admitted, it appears, about five thousand seriously wounded men at Petit Maujouy. Three hundred and thirty-eight of them died in our hospital and are buried up on the sodden hillside toward Senoncourt. We make lists of the amputations, of the chest wounds, of the belly wounds, of the head wounds, wrangling heatedly about the best way to classify them, taking all the pain and horror out of them by reducing them to mere percentages. Tonight the officers are going to have a dance here. The tables have all been removed, but the great SILENCE signs still hang up there unheeded. . . .

I am in a big American freight car, which is lying in the yards at Conflans, writing a letter on a square tin can by the light of a candle. There are thirty of us inside, and we are very comfortable.

We have put a foot of clean straw on the floor, and locked one of the sliding doors. Against it is placed a cupboard filled with rations. On the other side is a red hot stove, the pipe running out through the crack of the door. (We passed a salvage dump at Verdun, and if there's anything left there that would have added to our comfort, it's because we didn't see it.) One man is shaving, two card games and one checker game are in progress, a group is reminiscing about the stove, several are reading, and I am writing a letter to Hebron, Maine.

I am telling how forty of us got a week's leave, and left Petit Maujouy on November 30 for the Auvergne. . . . We were marooned two days in the ruined station at Verdun, and spent most of the time exploring the vast ruins of the city . . . In front of the Cathedral a shell has burst, laying open a huge vaulted tunnel under the street.

At the bottom of the tunnel lies a baby carriage, overturned, with the wheels in the air. Where does that tunnel go? Whose baby carriage was it, and how did it get there? . . . I write on about our delirious week at Mont Dore, how we slept on feather-beds, bathed in hot baths, climbed mountains, went to see Murols Castle, and hung about the "Bucket of Blood," where even the most sophisticated could see sights to make him blush and gasp. . . . Evacuation Eight put on a show for the soldiers so good that it had to be repeated. . . . We came back to Petit Maujouy to find that our company had deserted us and gone up into Germany with the Army of Occupation. . . . We landed at Verdun at midnight, a ruined railroad station in a ruined city, with no place to go, miles from our company, casuals in a cruel world. With only three big French coppers in my pocket I started matching pennies in that roofless station and was threat-

U. S. Signal Corps

German prisoners carrying their wounded to a French hospital

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ened with arrest by a vigilant M.P. . . . And here we are at Conflans, on the way to Germany. The city is badly ruined, but the civilian population has done its best to decorate for Wilson Day. A flimsy arch has been built across the main street, wound with greens and smothered with tricolors. In the center of the arch, above the French flags, is a homemade American flag manufactured from a piece of red and white skirting. There are at least twenty stripes, but only six lone stars, each about as big as one's hand. . . .

I am in Mayen-bei-Coblenz, and it is Christmas Eve. If I were not in the army, Mayen might be the finest place in the world to spend Christmas in. But I am in the army, and I have been in the army over two Christmases, the only two I have ever spent away from home. Everything I see makes it worse. People are trimming their Christmas trees. A young German and his sweetheart sit opposite me in a restaurant, whispering, their faces close together. I walk the streets to escape them, and see only warm houses with drawn curtains, where people are getting ready for Christmas. I go to bed to forget it, but I am not allowed to sleep. At midnight, clear and sweet, come the chimes—*Silent Night*—and great soft snowflakes begin to fall. When I come out from the church on Christmas Day, I find our soldiers engaged in a noisy snowball fight with the German children. We are spoiling them already. . . .

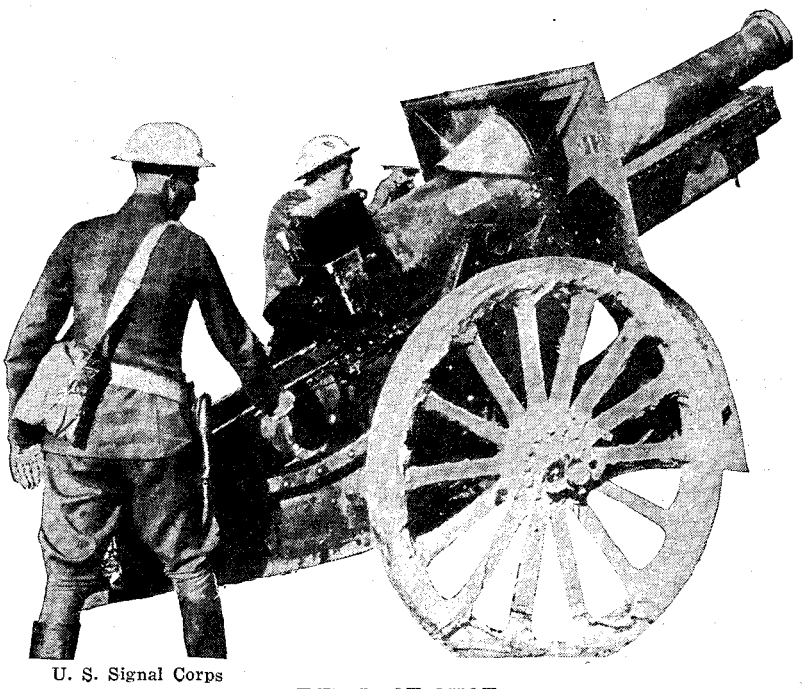
I am sitting in the warm little kitchen behind the clothing store of Frau Leopold Lichtenstein, Jewess, where four of us Evacuation Eight men are billeted. Mama Lichtenstein is a widow, fifty-two, plump, rosy, always smiling. Her two sons survived the War, but hardly. One is a prisoner with the British, the other is slowly recovering from a severe wound in a German hospital. The remaining members of the family are Grossmutter, aged eighty-two, and Fräulein Paula, a sparkling blonde of twenty-three. It is New Year's Eve, and Mamma has made us cakes and coffee. We are watching the old year out, and very friendly we are, we who were deadly enemies less than fifty days ago. We are all pretty noisy except Grossmutter; she talks little, but she watches and listens and reads from her Hebrew Bible. Tonight, having pondered the matter, she pronounces her conclusion:

"We were told," she says, "and we all believed, that the Americans were very fierce and cruel. But I see that they are not. We believed even worse things of the French, and many people here still think that, although we were mistaken about the Americans, we were at least right about the French. But there is a French soldier billeted with Familie Treidel [Frau Treidel is her other daughter, Frau Lichtenstein's sister], and he is a middle-aged man, very gentle and kind, who plays with my daughter's little grandson and is so sad and lonesome at being away from his family that one must pity him." She pauses to sum it all up. "I think most of the people in the world must be good. There are bad people in all the countries, but most of the people everywhere are good." . . .

It is a day or two later, and the little grandson is there in the kitchen himself. This morning he ate the entire contents of a bottle of aspirin tablets in the belief that they were peppermints. Frau Lichtenstein has been terribly worried, but they seem to have done him no harm at all. His mother comes in to get him, a pretty sad-faced girl in deep mourning. Her husband was killed in the War. I have been sorting my souvenirs, among which is a crude vase made from a seventy-five-millimeter brass shell on which a French soldier at Petit Maujouy has roughly tooled the word "Verdun." Without thinking, I hand it to the young widow to admire. She takes it with a pretty smile of acknowledgment, sees what it is, and her eyes dilate with horror. With a gesture of loathing she puts it down and speaks softly to her mother. "Perhaps it was that very shell that killed him!" Again the sick gesture of loathing. *"Das verdammte Ding!"* I am at first annoyed that she should take that attitude, and then ashamed that I did not understand better. I had not realized that killing Germans meant so much. . . .

I am in the kitchen again of an evening, and I am writing rapidly and angrily. The men of our company are beginning to say quite openly that they like living in Germany better than living in France, even that they like the German people better than the French. These are the words I am putting down:

"You ask me to tell you about the Germans. Well, I can tell you one thing, and that is that I am becoming every day more and more disgusted and enraged by the attitude of the majority of my comrades, and (if one can judge from the papers) the people back home with regard to France. It grates on me more than I can express, the way we swell around saying, 'We won the War,' and 'We came over and saved the Frogs.' ROT! The American may be the best *fighter*, but the Frenchman is the best *soldier* in the world. We came into the War half-trained, came in at the ninth inning, came in with no artillery worthy of the name, with no aircraft, and the French gave us artillery support and turned over half their air force for our use. The Americans went in and fought like devils.



U. S. Signal Corps

THE LAST SHOT

"Calamity Jane," the gun which fired the last shot of war, 10:59-59, official time, November 11, 1918

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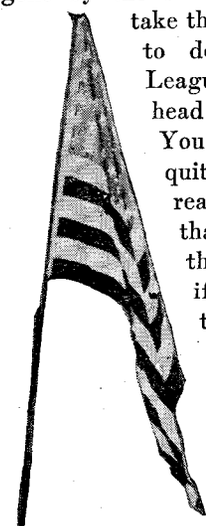
But where we get our license to call the French 'yellow' and 'quitters' I don't know. The spectacular stuff we pulled off, if it had been resorted to in the early part of the War, would have landed the Germans in Paris before six months were up. It was necessary to hold doggedly, to retreat stubbornly, to give one man for the enemy's two, and wait for the cracking point. It finally came, and then there was a chance for the spectacular stuff. And because we *got in on that,* 'we won the War.' We should stop to consider that the German Army of 1918 was a vastly different army from the splendid machine of 1914.

"I don't hate the Germans. They are using me very well. I don't believe much of the stuff that was circulated as propaganda. But in the things that really count, they are miles below the French. Things are more comfortable here—why shouldn't they be? Did the Germans go home to find their villages heaps of crumbling stone, their fields untillable, their families lost? The Germans don't strike me as being cruel or beastly. The French picked the right word; they aren't 'the Huns' but 'the square-heads'—*les boches.* If they had had any brains, do you think they would have treated Belgium *as they did, or sunk the Lusitania?* The Germans are very ordinary, well-fed, sentimental, rather stupid people—people very like us. There simply isn't in them a spark of that divine idealism that makes the French the most admirable nation in the world. Do you think a Frenchman would swap his Croix de Guerre for a pound of soap?"

But as I write those words there in Frau Lichtenstein's kitchen, I know that there is too much heat in them. I am really storming at a traitor within my own breast. *I don't hate the Germans. They are using me very well.* Frau Lichtenstein has just nursed me through the flu. Paula and Grossmutter were both sick in bed, too, and she has no one to help her, but she has come toiling up the steep stairs to my room every few minutes to see if I am all right, and has brought me coffee and soup and eggs. The eggs cost her a mark apiece. And I know that her store doesn't pay very well. . . .

The anger of my letters from Germany flattens down into a uniform cynicism. I see myself writing furiously again, and feel in recollection the deep bitterness of youthful idealism disappointed. "Before the armistice," I am writing, "I was very optimistic. The unity of purpose among the Allies and their affection for one another seemed so genuine and eternal that I really thought the time of wars was at an end. But now, when the War is so splendidly finished, and we have such an opportunity to make the world a safe place to live in, I see such growing fears and jealousies, such jingoism among the nations that seemed so inseparable, such outcry that 'England wants to run the world' and 'America is trying to hog the whole show,' that I begin to see that men aren't any better than they used to be, and never will be any better. President Wilson's first point—open covenants—has already gone by the board. I expect it will take them only about a week to decide to knock the League of Nations on the head and hide it in a hole. You see, I had developed quite an idea that we had really done something that was going to make the world better. But if this thing doesn't go through, it will have robbed my army service of all the idealism I had built around it, and make me think I merely transferred jobs, and didn't make a very wise choice." . . .



It is July 2, 1919, six months since I wrote that letter, and I am sailing up New York harbor past the Statue of Liberty. She is smaller than I expected, and considerably more streaked, but she couldn't look better. A tug comes blaring out to meet us and escort us to the pier. On it are two or three brass bands, all playing lustily at different tunes. Noise, cheerful noise, is all that matters. When it is still a long way from us, it begins to bombard us with oranges. The reception committee seems to have hired a major league baseball star to toss fruit to us. In the abandonment of his enthusiasm (or perhaps through professional pride) he is accomplishing feats of speed and distance which even the committee could hardly have reckoned on. Half the oranges sail in superb arcs clean over the ship; those within reach are traveling with such velocity that if one could catch them he would only get a shower of juice in the face. The nearer he gets, the harder he hurls. We duck the oranges, which spatter and splash on the cabins and spars, and shout back to encourage him. There are committees of all sorts on board; signs, WELCOME HOME AND WELL DONE, OUR HEROES. The bands blare and we let ourselves go; it is the old intoxication we have not known for months. . . .

Camp Merritt has changed in the last thirteen months. It would be hard to say how; here are the same comfortable barracks, the same Hostess House, the same Merritt Hall, the same good mess. But it is different all the same. It has become a little like Slocum. I am a casual again and feel the lack of confidence that always comes upon a soldier when he is separated from his outfit. The men of the post patronize me. Their uniforms look very trim

(Please Turn to Page 317)

U. S. Signal Corps

Members of the 79th Division hoisting the American flag when the Armistice took effect

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A World's First Ten

By JOHN R. TUNIS

CHOOSING a World's First Ten in lawn tennis is no easy task because playing form varies so much in different lands. You little know of England and English tennis who judge H. W. Austin by his American game, while the Cochet of Wimbledon was a giant compared to the Cochet of Auteuil. My good fortune it was to be the only representative of the press who attended the national championships of France, England and the United States, as well as the Inter-Zone Final and the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup. Based on their play in these events, I am picking the ten best players in the world thus:

1. Lacoste, France.
2. Cochet, France.
3. Tilden, United States.
4. Borotra, France.
5. Hunter, United States.
6. Boussus, France.
7. Morpurgo, Italy.
8. Lott, United States.
9. Doeg, United States.
10. Van Ryn, United States.

First, Lacoste of France. It will be said that Lacoste played in but one major tournament this year, the French championships. True; but this meeting contained the best field and the outstanding players of the year, it was all-inclusive. Moreover, not only did his victories in singles and doubles indicate his superiority; his game was much better than in 1928. He was volleying more frequently and with good results, his ground strokes especially on his forehand were faster. In this one week he defeated Feret, Von Kerhling the Hungarian, Tilden, and Borotra, the conqueror of Cochet.

Second, Cochet of France. This great little player did not establish his superiority as decisively as he did in 1928. Early in the season he fell to both his teammates, Landry and Boussus, and in the principal tests of the year he was not always at his best. But he won Wimbledon with the loss of only three sets in seven matches, and took the Davis Cup for France by his victories over Tilden and Lott. On his day easily the greatest player in the world but his days do not come with the regularity of Lacoste's.

Third, Tilden of the United States. No one at home and no one abroad save the first two named in this list can yet defeat Tilden. He was vastly weaker this year than in 1928; but still good enough to defeat Borotra in what might have been a critical match in the Davis Cup and to conquer the younger Americans in the campaign which he declares will be his last season of international lawn tennis.

Borotra of France. Hard to classify. He played less than in 1928 but had his best season in years. He was the only player to press Lacoste, he defeated Cochet in singles and doubles in Paris, he reached the finals at Wimbledon, disposing of Collins, Turnbull, and Austin of England, and Lott and Allison of the United States, en route. He defeated Lott again in the Davis Cup matches and was a weary man when he faced Tilden on the final afternoon. At 31 still dangerous to any one when fresh and fit.

Hunter of the United States. His record this year is yet another proof of the persuasive power of a good forehand drive. He was defeated by only three men in 1929; Tilden, Austin and Borotra. He was a finalist in the Dutch championships and in the American championships and the list of his victims includes Austin of England, Matejka of Austria, Coen, Mercur and Williams of the United States, Prenn and Moldenhauer of Germany. Hunter is 35; like Tilden he is at the end of a long road.

Boussus of France. Did not live up to his promise of 1928 when he reached the semi-finals at Wimbledon at the age of 20. Nevertheless his season was a good one. He has victories to his credit over Froitzheim of Germany, Ohta the Japanese Davis Cup player, a straight set win over Coen of the United States, and others. Did well to capture the German championships from a strong field, the first Frenchman to take the title since Decuigis won 27 years ago. He also narrowly missed winning the Czech championships in June when he had his teammate Cochet match point in the fourth set.

Seventh, Morpurgo of Italy. Much underestimated in the United States. This player had an illness in his family which prevented him from bringing his team to the Inter-Zone Final Round of the Davis Cup as he did last year, and he lost to Moldenhauer of Germany in a critical match. He later defeated the German at Wimbledon, however, and his five set battle against Tilden in the round of eight in the French championships in which he saved match point and only lost at 8-6 in the fifth set was one of the year's most interesting and dramatic contests.

Eighth. Lott of the United States. Lott's best game would place him somewhere up between Nos. 3 and 4. But he does not always play his best game. On the whole his season was less successful than the previous one, yet although undertennised and not able to do himself full justice he played courageously in Europe against the French, reaching the last eight at Wimbledon and taking sets from both Cochet and Borotra in the Davis Cup matches. Newport where he defeated Bell, and Van Ryn, and played against Tilden was his year's best effort.

Ninth. Doeg of the United States. Played only in the United States and consequently did not face the opposition met by Allison, Lott, Van Ryn, Hunter and Tilden. His successes must therefore be discounted. Played best in the American championships when most necessary, defeating Austin in straight sets and leading Tilden two sets to one in the semi-final round. His courage and match temperament excel his strokes.

Tenth. Van Ryn of the United States. Made the best impression upon foreign observers; but except in doubles failed to confirm this impression. He was defeated by Tilden at Forest Hills, by Brugnon at Wimbledon, and by Ohta on hard courts in the Davis Cup matches.

Unfortunately this classification omits such players as Mercur and Allison of the United States, Gregory and Austin of England, Crawford of Australia, Von Kerhling of Hungary, Moldenhauer and Prenn of Germany, De Stefani and Del Bono of Italy, and Landry, Brugnon and de Buzelet of France. All of these players except Crawford, who played neither in the Davis Cup matches nor in the major competitions, did some fine things.

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The Hatry Affair

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

EUROPEAN SECURITY markets, and our own to some extent, are still agitated by the backwash from the headlong plunge to the bottom by the Hatry group of financial highbinders. "It created the kind of situation which the Stock Exchange hardly experiences once in a generation, and many weeks are bound to elapse before conditions return to complete normality," the conservative London *Economist* says.

Downright dishonesty on the part of Clarence Hatry and some of his close associates entered into the affair and the men directly responsible are now awaiting trial. But the episode is significant of more than a criminal attempt of a few men to make millions. Aside from the huge financial losses involved it is interesting as a symptom of the financial malaise of the times. Had it occurred in this country, and our financial history has not been altogether barren of such incidents, it probably would have been set down, by European observers at least, as merely another example of slipshod American financial methods. As it is, serious bankers here were set to wondering if they did not need to revise their opinion of British methods.

The story of Clarence Hatry is one which doubtless could be duplicated (minus, for the present at least, the last chapter) with respect to more than one gentleman of high finance in this country. He belongs to the financial type known as a promoter—one who sometimes is instrumental in the conception and formation of financial and sometimes industrial corporations, but who usually occupies himself largely with sale to the public of the securities of the enterprises he is interested in.

Hatry rode to such success as he achieved on the tide of the holding company and industrial merger developments, which in recent years have been so completely in the foreground of the financial picture throughout the world. In justice to Hatry, it must be said that he didn't mind failure. His first scheme was the British Glass Industries, started in 1919 and ending five years later with shareholders in complete possession of almost worthless paper.

In the following year his Jute Industries combine had to write down its capital by some $15,000,000; but it got rid of Hatry. The Commercial Corporation of London, formed in 1920 to amalgamate various industries, had less luck, and it was liquidated in 1923 with a loss of more than $10,000,000.

Two years later Great Britain was about to return to the gold standard. Trade was picking up. Security markets began to boom. The promoter was coming into his own. Hatry entered the final stage, let us hope, of his career by creating the Austin Friars Investment Trust, with a capital of $1,500,000.

This company promoted the Drapery and General Investment Trust, which bought into various department stores. With so good a start Hatry wished to take on something more dignified than mere promotion, and he saw an opportunity to outbid the established banks in the business of underwriting municipal bond issues.

He launched the Corporation and General Securities, in 1926, with a capital of $3,500,000. The new concern floated some fifteen separate loans for cities in Great Britain and even secured an issue for Melbourne, Australia. But Hatry did not abandon the promotion field. He and his associates organized the Oak Investment Trust, in 1927, with $3,550,000 capital, and the Dundee Trust, with $250,000 capital.

Next a rather sensational deal was carried through on the London Stock Exchange with the Photomaton Parent Corporation, the Photomaton (Lancashire and Midland), Far Eastern Photomaton and British Photomaton Trading, all which sold securities to the public. These ventures, characterized as "parent and offspring" finance and which have many a parallel in this country at the present time, were roundly criticized by London observers as "one of the worst features of the 1928 boom."

Two other concerns connected with the Hatry enterprises were Retail Trades Securities and Associated Automatic Corporation.

The next step looked easy enough, but it helped in the undoing of Hatry. Last spring the Allied Ironfounders was formed from various concerns manufacturing iron products. Then Austin Friars offer to buy the entire capital of United Steel Companies and also stock of United Strip and Bar Mills, following which the Steel Industries of Great Britain, with a capital of $55,000,000, was organized, depending for its life on various offers of stock exchange. This scheme, it is indicated, has fallen through due to the inability of Hatry to raise sufficient capital.

In an effort to save himself, Hatry raised money right and left by pledging the securities of his various enterprises, much of them forged collateral.

When late last month it became known that Hatry and his companies were in financial difficulties, London stock market prices began to tumble. Stocks were sold in the companies directly concerned and in nearly every stock held by those who feared an all round crash. To protect their positions British holders of American securities liquidated, and the selling extended to Paris, Berlin and other European centers. Losses not only were suffered by holders of stocks, but banks and other institutions which had lent money will have to write down something.

The Stock Exchange in London took quick action in suspending trading in eight of the Hatry company securities. Three brokerage firms failed. Hatry and three of his associates went to jail. That the losses will run into a good many millions, to say nothing of indirect losses here and abroad as a result of general weakness in speculative stocks which followed the collapse, goes without saying.

Oddly enough, Hatry and his crew had scarcely ceased working on the craze of their countrymen for speculation, when Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden felt obliged to denounce the "orgy of speculation" in the United States which, he claimed, had forced the bank of England to raise its discount rate.

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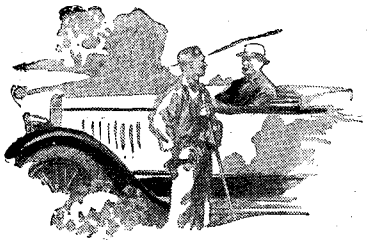


"I advised him strongly against the purchase"

"He invests his modest earnings in good sound securities"

C. P. Nelson, President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., tells a story of two farmers, one of whom speculated, while the other invested . . .

C. P. Nelson, *President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., is prominent in the civic and business affairs of this thriving community. Mr. Nelson has the distinguished record of forty-five years' continuous service in the First National Bank.*

"ALL the speculating isn't done in the stock market," said Mr. Nelson. "This community, several years ago, experienced something like the present fever of stock market speculation—but it was a boom in farm lands.

"There was a farmer, a Mr. R. . . ., who wanted to buy a piece of farm land near his own place. He came to me for advice.

"A banker looks at the price of an investment in terms of its yield. Land is no exception. I knew the price was much too high, so I advised him strongly against the purchase.

"'But land's going up all the time,' the farmer told me. 'Look at what land is worth around here compared with before the war.' I still told him the price was too high.

"But somehow he raised the money, and bought the land.

"Today that land is perhaps a good buy—because today that land is priced below the pre-war value. But that doesn't help Mr. R. . . . . The deflation deprived him of the new land he bought, and of his farm as well.

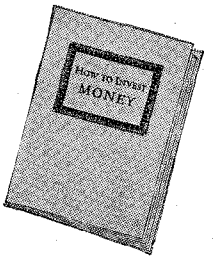
"So today, when somebody talks about a stock that's 'going up all the time,' I remember the bitter lesson Mr. R. . . . . and thousands of others like him learned.

"Unlike Mr. R. . . . . , a neighbor of his, also a farmer, clung to the Liberty Bonds he bought, and invests his modest earnings from his farm in sound, conservative securities.

"He now has a secure reserve against misfortune, and no period of deflation can deprive him of land and home."

* * *

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Nelson, they feel a very deep responsibility toward the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of sound and far-sighted investing.



Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Marriage Question

LIBERAL MINDED readers will find much to interest and nothing to shock them in Bertrand Russell's new book, *Marriage and Morals*.[1] He writes with perfect frankness and transparent purity of motive, and the charge of sentimentality often made against such high-minded idealists can scarcely be advanced against this volume. It is not sentimental to regret that men and women are not as happy in modern marriage as they might be, nor visionary to see ways in which they might attain to greater happiness.

Since *Marriage and Morals* is a thought-provoking book, and one in which those whose liberality of mind is founded rather upon reason than upon emotion may find arguable points, it may be stimulating to other readers if this one offers, without presumption, a few of the questions which the book has raised, instead of an outline of its contents. Mr. Russell opens his plea for a new sex ethic by a survey of the factors which have shaped modern marriage. Allowing for his tiresome and all-embracing prejudice against the Christian church, for a few petty prejudices, and for a tendency to dismiss as superstition all beliefs which he does not share, one finds only useful information in this survey. It details the effect upon marriage of the primitive discovery of fatherhood, of the development therefrom of the patriarchal system with its subjugation of women in order to insure legitimacy of offspring, and of the spread of Christian and Buddhist doctrines of asceticism which introduced the idea of sex as something inherently impure. Thence Mr. Russell proceeds to a discussion of the present state of matrimonial morals, considering both the economic factors which have affected it so profoundly, and the human ones, especially what he calls the "Liberation of Women." Here Mr. Russell persists in the belief that women, freed of the domination of male opinion, do not as a whole desire children. Against this belief, it is permissible to state one's own conviction that the normal woman, freed rather from religious and social ideas of duty, still finds the justification for life in her children. To the average childless woman, life, as middle age comes on, is singularly senseless. Mothers seem to her to have a *raison d'être* which she lacks, and she feels herself deficient in some vital quality. As she sees each new child born, she echoes the tragic cry of Elizabeth Tudor—"The Queen of Scots is lighter of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock." Furthermore, the sexual act, even if accompanied by perfect love, is not a complete sex experience for women. Women are much more the victims of biology than men, and profound psychic disturbances are known to affect frequently those in whom the biological aim is constantly frustrated. There is also a theory widely held among psychologists that the not uncommon unfaithfulness of childless married women is the result of a subconscious urge which drives them to seek a male who will impregnate them. For the reader, this subject leads directly to the question of companionate marriage, although in Mr. Russell's book that topic does not follow directly. Mr. Russell thinks companionate marriage, as understood by Judge Lindsey, not as misunderstood by his critics, a step in the right direction, and his reasons for so thinking are good. But in his chapter on divorce, he says—"Sex relations which are serious cannot develop their best possibilities without children and a common life." By that wise saying, it seems to this reviewer that he dismisses the possibility that companionate marriages can become permanent, and dooms the young women who attempt them to a series of experiments, possibly physically and certainly emotionally devastating. (In this connection readers who are interested should read Dr. Edward Sapir's admirable article, "The Discipline of Sex," in the *American Mercury* for last April.)

SHYLOCK

One of James Daugherty's illustrations for "The Merchant of Venice," published in one volume with "The Tempest" and "As You Like It" (Harcourt, Brace)

Mr. Russell's discussion of the possible development of the "State as father," which he considers alarming, giving excellent reasons for so considering, should be read by Behaviorists, and by the "divorce-conscious" of America, as should his chapter on divorce. In discussing divorce in America, he contrasts the conditions here with those which prevail in France, and says—"Family feeling in America is exceedingly weak, and the frequency of divorce is the consequence of this fact. Easy divorce, as it exists in America, must be regarded as a transitional stage on the way from the bi-parental to the purely maternal family." If the reader will turn back at this point to Mr. Russell's chapter on "The Dominion of the Father," he will find something to brighten that dark prospect. There, writing of the influence of Christianity, Mr. Russell says "—The promise of personal immortality diminished the interest which men took in the survival of their progeny which had formerly seemed to them the nearest approach to immortality which was possible." If this is so, and of course it is, then may not the converse be true? May we not

1. Horace Liveright: $3.00.

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hope that the increasing disbelief in personal immortality, so evident in America (and doubtless in all Christian countries), will act as a fortunate check upon the disintegrating biparental family, by increasing men's concern for the welfare of their tickets to some sort of immortality?

By his excellent chapters on "Sex and Individual Well-Being" and "The Place of Sex Among Human Values," Mr. Russell clears himself from the charge of "corrupter of youth" which somebody is sure to hurl at him. He finds faulty sex-education at the bottom of most matrimonial troubles, and thoughtful people will agree with him. And he pleads for a new conception of sex, morality and marriage and a new training for life which shall lead instincts, not damned by ignorance, but controlled by understanding, into channels of rich personal and noble social experience.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Historical Novels and Others

NO ROMANTIC novelist would dare to take a Terrorist of the French Revolution as his hero, and most of them have even preferred to espouse the cause of Marie Antoinette and the "aristos," finding it easier to create sympathy for those glamorous figures. In *The Whirlwind*,[2] however, William Stearns Davis takes an aristocrat gone revolutionary and makes as good and a far more credible romantic figure of him than the Baroness Orczy ever made of her Scarlet Pimpernel. The love story of the novel is overcrowded with perils and escapes and is overshadowed in interest by the descriptions of actual scenes, the presentation of historical characters and the wealth of factual detail. The early career of de Massac is based, perhaps, on that of Mirabeau. Like Mirabeau, de Massac, thrown into prison by a *lettre de cachet* to prevent his making a marriage considered undesirable by his relatives, absorbs political ideas there, and emerges a philosophical revolutionary, friend of St. Just, Danton, and Robespierre. Like Mirabeau, he is trusted by both parties. But where Mirabeau died when he might have been most useful, de Massac lives to see the bloodless revolution, which was to have ushered in the brotherhood of man, go mad. Nevertheless, he remains faithful to his ideals, and though he and his wife undergo many trials, they survive to greet the new day. *The Whirlwind* is exciting and satisfactory and should please boys as well as their parents.

But good as is Mr. Davis's book, it is not a patch on Miss Carola Oman's. *Crouchback*[3] is the best historical novel this reviewer has read in years. The period which forms its background is one of the most complex and dramatic in modern history. The Wars of the Roses in England, although historically of less importance than the New Learning which was being born while they were being fought, or the New Monarchy which grew out of them, are rich material for the romantic novelist. Bulwer Lytton covered, in the *Last of the Barons*, much the same field that Miss Oman does in *Crouchback*, but his heavy bombastic style is not to be endured by modern readers, and the characters of Warwick, Anne Neville and Richard, into which she breathes life, never became real in his hands. Miss Oman takes Anne Neville, the King Maker's daughter, for her principal character and, taking few liberties with history, plays her against Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who pursued her through life and possessed her soul long after he had discarded her grief-torn body. With firm and tender touch Miss Oman builds up Anne Neville's strange tragedy so that this woman of history becomes as real and as moving as the realest woman of fiction. Furthermore, her study of Warwick (a greater figure to her than he was to Green, to whose chapter on the period readers will like to turn) is masterly. And she manages by subtle suggestion to convey the sinister quality of Richard the Third. And every minor character is vivid: Edward the fourth, "Proud Cis" of York, Margaret of Anjou, Taboret, the Breton Man at Arms, these people move across a stage perfect in historical detail, rich in color, shot with light and with ominous shade. Only fine scholarship could provide such a background, and only strong creative talent could build up such memorable characterizations or make of a worn page of history a tale so timeless and so new.

There is Another Heaven,[4] an allegory of the lonely Jew in the Protestant Heaven, written in the finished lyric prose for which Robert Nathan's work is cherished by those who know it, offers little opportunity for the play of his ironic fancy. This Heaven is the place which each man has made for himself, and which some find dull, some find beautiful, and one finds unendurable and leaves. Superficially too fragile, or perhaps too personal, to be readily discussed, Mr. Nathan's book is fundamentally strong enough to stand up under serious reading.

A stylist of distinction whose novels have hitherto been written in a vein of romantic irony, Naomi Royde-Smith here writes in *Give Me My Sin Again*[5] a tragic story, rich in emotion. Her heroine, of whose direct and passionate tale the quota-

2. Macmillan, $2.50.
3. Holt, $2.50.
4. Bobbs Merrill. $2.00
5. Harper. $2.50.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York*; SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester*; KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland*; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis*; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver*; TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston*; PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco*; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore*; EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City*; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta*. BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles*; MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago*; STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati*; J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon*.

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Marie Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11.

The Uncertain Trumpet, by A. S. M. Hutchinson: Little, Brown. This tale of the trials of David Quest abounds in moral platitudes and bad writing. Reviewed Oct. 2.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War.

The Field of Honor, by Donn Byrne: Century. A romantic account of the conflict between British gold and Napoleonic genius, written in picturesque prose. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Dynamo, by Eugene O'Neill: Liveright. This drama of the machine age is better to read than to see.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katherine Anthony: Knopf. This admirable study of the Virgin Queen will sustain the renewed interest of readers in the Tudor period. Reviewed Oct. 9.

The Specialist, by Chic Sale: Specialist Publishing Co. Life story and philosophy of a "privy-councillor."

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tion from *Romeo and Juliet* used as a title is the fitting text, is an English girl of common extraction, to whose humdrum life love comes too fiercely and too soon. The sixteen-year-old child, bewildered by a coarse world, sensitive and searching, is struck not by an idle shaft of sex-talk, nor by a feather from a candy Cupid's wing, but by an authentic arrow from the classic bow of Eros. Her wound is mortal, and her death has the poignant beauty and poetic fitness of Juliet's. Miss Royde-Smith has approached her subject with courage and tenderness. Her characterizations are finished, and the virtuosity of her style has never been better displayed than in this excellent novel.

Mr. Armstrong's *Sleeping Fury*[6] deals with the rather narrow world of English aristocracy. Lady Mardale, who has married because one must, finds her love too late. She is tempted to leave her kindly husband but her loyalties and sense of duty hold her and the rest of her life is an expanded regret for her lost romance.

The novel opens twenty years after in the garden where she had for a brief moment met her beloved and thenceforth lost him because she dared not follow. She hopes that in her daughter Sylvia she can live vicariously the romance she was denied. Sylvia falls deeply in love with Eric, a young man who romantically resembles Lady Mardale's dead lover. The marriage is already arranged when Eric belatedly discovers his illegitimacy. The struggle that follows between the established notions of propriety of the parents and their desire for the happiness of the lovelorn children is patiently sketched.

This delicate English drama would make but a single scene in the hurly-burly of Australian life that wells up in *A House Is Built,*[7] by the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw. It is so unified a collaboration that the combined name which the authors prefer is a fine symbol of the perfect unity of the work.

The life of a family through three generations beginning with the crude and competent pioneer and ending with the almost sickly refined grandchildren seems to have a relevance to other scenes than the Australian.

One can only faintly suggest the dynamic grandfather beginning as a poor sailor and founding a great business; the stiffly pompous son ever anxious to attain social standing in the community; the two sisters with their multitude of happy and unhappy love affairs, and the final tragedy of the grandchildren. Besides these main characters the authors have a host of others each imbued with vitality. There is never the feeble estheticism which sometimes annoys one in Mr. Armstrong's novel, but every picture is painted in a firm white light. One leaves the novel almost confused by the wealth of characters. But they take a firm hold upon the imagination. This is indeed a novel worthy to rank with Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. And there is irony in the thought that perhaps the "great American novel" was written in Australia. Certainly no American novel conveys so vivid a sense of the pioneering business man as this.

Decoration by Norman Price in Robert W. Chambers's dashing romance, "The Rogue's Moon" (Appleton)

Behind the Blurbs

HAVELOCK ELLIS' *The Dance of Life* is one of the two new titles in the Modern Library. The other is *The Canterbury Tales,* unabridged. The Vanguard Press is bringing out a collection of Voltaire's romances, including *Candide,* unexpurgated. Bold strokes, both of them. Pretty soon some even bolder spirit among the publishers will announce an unexpurgated Bible. We understand that in London the National Sunday School Union has issued an expurgated one, in which Mrs. Potiphar's remark, which so terrified Joseph, is Bowdlerized. ♣ ♣ ♣ Somebody ought to get after Shakespeare. There was a dirty devil for you! ♣ ♣ ♣ And a good adventure yarn—impossible, but exciting, and written with a swing—is Jeremy Lane's *The Left Hand of God,*[8] in which Dael Caslon outwits that yellow devil, Feng, who wanted to rule the world. ♣ ♣ ♣ The only hero with a glass eye we have ever met in fiction is Stone, hero of W. B. M. Ferguson's *The Riddle of the Rose,*[9] in which a XIV Century ghost, clad in armor, and accompanied by a red light and an awful stench, wanders about taking pot shots at suburbanites with a .38. There are weak spots in the plot, but it's thrilling. ♣ ♣ ♣ The first book published by the Limited Editions Club is *Gulliver's Travels.* There are twenty illustrations by Alexander King, ♣ ♣ ♣ Speaking of illustrations, there are a lot of splendid pirate pictures by Norman Price in the new special edition of *The Rogue's Moon,*[10] by Robert W. Chambers. ♣ ♣ ♣ And if you want to know who Vanderdecken was, or the difference between a brig and a barquentine, get Stanley Rogers's *Sea Lore,*[11] which is a book of gossip and information about ships and sailors. There are chapters on the evolution of the sailing ship, early navigators, whaling, sea language, sea superstitions and so on. Very readable. ♣ ♣ ♣ Some of Meredith's ideas, some of his mannerisms, have become outmoded, and for that reason he seems to be little read today. In another twenty years those ideas and mannerisms will have become a little quaint, they will be far enough away so that they will have ceased to offend, and then the imperishable elements in his genius will be more readily seen and recognized. In the meantime we have a new *Life,*[12] by Robert Esmonde Sencourt, which is readable and authoritative, and contains much material not hitherto available, in the light of which some earlier estimates of Meredith have been revised. The novels and poems are considered at some length, not critically, but in their relation to the man. This is a biography for which at least one reader has felt the need. ♣ ♣ ♣ We've read a number of thrillers lately. We just can't seem to let them alone. The best is *The Invisible Web,*[13] by Ashton Wolfe and Locard. True detective stories from the police archives at Lyons written, with the aid of Dr. Locard, by a criminologist who has worked with that famous head of the Lyons Technical Police Laboratories. They are interesting as showing in some detail the elaborate methods and the many scientific instruments used by the French in the detection of crime, but to us they were interesting chiefly as rattling good yarns. We never really believed before that truth was stranger than fiction. But if some of the thriller writers whose works we have perused during the past

6. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
7. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
8. Ives Washburn. $2.00.
9. McBride. $2.00.
10. Appleton. $3.50.
11. Crowell. $2.75.
12. Scribners. $3.50.
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decade would go to the police archives for material, we believe they might get hold of stories that are worth writing. We are aware of course that some of them do just that thing, and that many famous crimes have been fictionally treated. But there are at least eight of these ten stories and at least a dozen real characters which would lend themselves magnificently to fictional uses. Chiffon, the girl bandit, who hurdled a farm cart in her car at 80 miles an hour; Levallois, the grotesque private detective; Saida, the Egyptian girl, with her trained ape and her throwing knife; the sinister Dr. Marain, and the rest. This book has the authentic thrill. ☙ ☙ ☙ Then there's Richard Keverne's *The Sanfield Scandal*,[14] a pretty good yarn of the hide and sock variety, in which after the Sanfield papers were stolen from the Tower House the mysterious Mr. Borden, the equally mysterious Mrs. Mason, the no less mysterious Mr. Archer, to say nothing of practically everybody in the neighborhood, were to be seen snooping about at all hours of the night, and occasionally cracking each other over the sconce. ☙ ☙ ☙ And there's Sinclair Gluck's *Shadow in the House*.[15] Old man Harrison is mysteriously drilled by a medieval Japanese arrow just as he is coming into the library to have a cocktail. His daughter and his housekeeper and his butler and his lawyer and a couple of other people are all under suspicion, and frankly, we wouldn't have blamed any one of them for bumping him off. But we were completely baffled, and the name of the real murderer took us quite by suprise. ☙ ☙ ☙ George Allan England's *Isles of Romance*[16] is an account of a trip to certain seldom visited islands—Bird Key, Anticosti, Stevenson's real *Treasure Island* and so on. A treat for the armchair adventurer. The author is off now digging for pirate gold, we understand. Well, we have a fellow feeling for him. We used to dig for it ourself, out back of the barn. But all we got out of it was a backache. Though we found a dime once. And, of all places, on the roof! ☙ ☙ ☙ *When Mammoths Roamed the Frozen Earth*[17] —nature stuff—story of Longtooth, last of the mammoths—his home on a disappearing glacier—the other animals: cave bear, elk, giant marten, etc. —large percentage of book devoted to how they ate each other up, but interesting nevertheless—well translated.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

14. Harpers. $2.00.
15. Dodd, Mead. $2.00.
16. Century. $3.50.
17. By Heinrich Schutz: Cape and Smith $2.50.

The Road to Health

As Discussed in Recent Books

COUNT KEYSERLING, meditating on our characteristic American outlook—which he finds amazingly like that of Bolshevik Russia—describes it in a phrase as an "animal ideal." In evidence he adduces our "most essential and representative ideal," that of a high standard of living; our easy acceptance of behaviorism and our excessive suggestibility; our educational system ("more and more a form of training such as animals can be submitted to"); our reliance on environment and institutions, ignoring the power in the creative soul of man. Even our "charming" qualities of "directness, kindness, and simplicity" belong to a prehuman stage of development.

Along with these he puts our obsession with health—"a purely animal ideal." For health means a stable equilibrium, but if man progresses inwardly the equilibrium is inevitably destroyed, so that "ill-health is a more normal state for spiritual man than health," and "the more spirit, which is Movement Eternal, predominates in man, the more unstable must his state of balance be."

So-o-o? Moreover, if we continue to concentrate on achieving comfort for the human animal, we are likely to defeat that very purpose. Since the "life-source of man" lies in his spiritual faculties, their atrophy through non-use will result in physical devitalization as well. Our friendly critic sees the process already under way: the American is "very much less vital than the European."

There is no denying, certainly, that health has been elevated in America to the position of a "supreme ideal." But those who have been responsible for this would contend that it betokens no topsy-turviness of values, but a desire to give "the spirit as the creative essence of life" a better chance. They may say, too, that the very effort which has gone into the conquest of disease and the improvement of the average animal equipment of man is an exercise of his distinctively human (i.e. spiritual) nature. In fact our present foremost authority, Professor C.-E. A. Winslow of the Yale School of Medicine, does say something very like that in *The Road to Health* (Macmillan) when he refers to the history of the public-health movement as "one aspect of a cosmic tendency, of a steady remodelling of a better world under the impact of the creative energy that constitutes the spirit of man."

This little book, Dr. Winslow's lectures in Philadelphia last spring on the Jayne Foundation, contains in compact form a great deal of information and valuable opinion. It reviews the victories of the past over the acute epidemic diseases; traces the evolution of the modern public-health movement; which consists largely in education in personal hygiene, to build up the general vital resistance of the body; and considers the changing relation between physician and patient and the position of the physician in the state.

The Challenge of Chronic Diseases (Macmillan) by Ernst P. Boas, M.D., and Nicholas Michelson, M.D., is a much needed reminder of the neglected problems centering in the diseases which have superseded acute infections as the leading causes of death. The authors are on the staff of Montefiore Hospital for Chronic Diseases, in New York, the first institution of the kind in America, and still—alas!—"almost unique in its field."

Out of a long experience they discuss the medical needs of chronic invalids, and illustrate with case-histories the tragic economic and social consequences of prolonged illness in families where there is no surplus income. Institutional care is the best kind of "communal provision" for chronic cases. Two-thirds of the book embodies their valuable advice on the practical problems involved in locating, building, equipping, staffing, and managing such institutions.

A long, expensive, and diversified road to health, traveled by a young woman who had a nervous collapse with no apparent excuse, is described in lively fashion in *The Layman Looks at Doctors* by S. W. and J. T. Pierce (Harcourt, Brace). This is advertised as a true story, told by the patient, with an introduction and a conclusion by her husband.

A true likeness of one of America's most widely known and many-sided physicians is presented by Anna Robeson Burr in *Weir Mitchell: His Life and Letters* (Duffield). The pleasant life of well-to-do Philadelphia throughout the Nineteenth Century is the background, and letters to Dr. Mitchell give delightful glimpses of other distinguished contemporaries.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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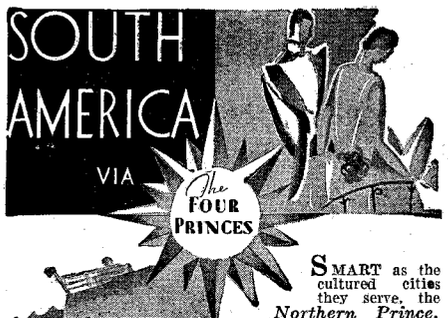

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

WE ARE NOT SO much interested in the novel stage settings of Martin Flavin's *Criminal Code*—the main feature of which is a curtain constructed to give the illusion of a thick stone prison wall—as we are in the fact that Mr. Flavin has tried to write a serious play about our criminal code, and has succeeded mainly in writing a tract.

Not even the magnificent acting of Arthur Byron can gloss over this fact. The formula of *The Criminal Code* is that yellow newspapers insist upon convictions, election is always tomorrow for the District Attorney; he secures his convictions not for the purpose of justice but in accordance with the rules of the game, which are contained in our criminal code. So that an unfortunate quarrel for an ordinary young man results in his opponent dying, in his imprisonment for ten years, and finally, in his murder of a prison guard who has tortured him in a dungeon. The argument of the play follows through with the logic of a lawyer's brief. But one has only to think of Galsworthy's *Justice* to realize that *The Criminal Code* is an inferior, though at times powerful, affair.

The Theatre Guild's new production of Leonhard Frank's *Karl and Anna,* does not suffer from any such distortion. In fact, we are not of those who consider this play a failure, though we are free to admit that much of our judgment may be based on the exceedingly moving quality of Alice Brady's acting as the wife of a German soldier—whom she married, a stranger, just before he left for the Russian front—and who allowed her emotions to still her honest doubt when his comrade in arms, also a stranger, sought her out three years later and pretended to be her husband. In a God-forsaken prison camp the husband has talked endlessly of his wife — so intimately that an attempt at impersonation is possible. Returning home, the husband finds his friend living with his wife and there you are! Basically the story grips you even though the playwright has not sufficiently realized the emotional depths of his characters to make them always real. By turns melodramatic and genuine, the play is uneven, so that as presented in English it does not always convince. But the acting of Alice Brady makes much of it unforgettable.

The idea that American husbands are just great big boys pops to the surface again in *Jenny,* Jane Cowl's new vehicle which is compounded of sentimentality, large chunks of dullness, and occasional flavorings of scintillating comedy—seasoned with gestures by Miss Cowl. The American husband, in this instance, is a corporation lawyer who is a nonentity in his own house, except as a hewer of dividends and a drawer of checks; and who has a wife and three children who hover between silliness and foolishness. In comes Jenny, an actress, falls in love with him, and seduces him—apparently in order to show him what a good time she thinks he ought to be having. Another *Road to Rome,* only this time it is the road to Canada. What it would be without Miss Cowl, we can't imagine. Even she wastes speech on meaningless lines.

Otis Skinner's new play *A Hundred Years Old* is no more a conventional play, as Broadway defines it, than Katherine Mansfield's stories are short stories, as taught by our correspondence schools. It is a delicate study in the family relationships of Spanish Papa Juan on his hundredth birthday. There is no plot, and so no developments. For the play constructs a picture—it does not relate a sequence of events. As a frame for Otis Skinner, it serves well enough. His mannerisms fit the part excellently; but the members of his family, who call him Papa Juan, and Papa Quan, and Papa Whan, are not so convincing. We knew he was Otis Skinner anyway, so it didn't bother us much. Perhaps they do these things better in Spain.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- Porgy
- Karl and Anna
- It's a Wise Child

WE WEREN'T QUITE SO CRAZY ABOUT:
- Gambling
- Scarlet Pages
- Let Us Be Gay
- Hot Chocolates
- Almanac
- Whoopee
- Sketch Book
- Soldiers and Women
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light

WE DIDN'T LIKE:
- Scotland Yard
- Street Singer
- A Night in Venice
- New Moon
- Criminal Code
- Her Friend the King

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"Applause"

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN'S career with the Theatre Guild has established him as a stage director of unusual gifts.

After seeing *Porgy,* this reviewer remembers to have made a mental note that Mr. Mamoulian could be a great movie director, if ever he cared to try. His imagination, his fine feeling for the visual could nowhere find fuller expression than on the screen and it would be a pity if he didn't some day make a picture.

Now Mr. Mamoulian *has* made a picture—a very bad picture—and we feel, even more strongly than before, that he will be a great movie director when he has the chance.

The picture is *Applause* and it is the first effort of Mr. Mamoulian and of Helen Morgan, Mr. Ziegfeld's handsome and poignant diseuse. Between the two of them they have taken a pallid story—a sort of *Stella Dallas*-and-water affair—and crammed it full of a certain weird artistry. They have produced the kind of opus that every critic will love to write about, even though he must positively decline to recommend it. For Mr. Mamoulian has evidently bought a lot of books on the movies, had some one run off *The Last Laugh* for him and then set about adding some ideas of his own—with results that are neither acceptable, nor uninteresting.

Aimed frankly at the multitude, *Applause* is far from being a macabre or modernistic vehicle, on the contrary. It is only another backstage piece, wherein Miss Morgan depicts a minor luminary of the burlesque wheels, with a pure young daughter in a convent. The atmosphere is grease-paint and gin, the dialog 100 per cent Guinan.

So that when we talk of *The Last Laugh* and "weird artistry" and the new ideas of Mr. Mamoulian, we are merely taking notice, (mostly for our own satisfaction) of certain strange touches in the picture. These (with almost no exception) failed to come off as they must have been intended; but they show the constant observer that all Mr. Mamoulian must have is a little—perhaps a lot—more practice.

He has striven for that priceless consummation that is known to the trade as "fluidity," and just to see a man of his intelligence in the commercial theatre trying for something like that is to us vastly heartening.

And having said all this, for purposes of the record, let us repeat that *Applause* is not recommended as entertainment; that, with all its promise, you would be likely to find it one of the clumsiest and most banal pictures you had ever seen.

"Fast Company"

THE NONE-TOO-IMPRESSIVE stage play *Elmer the Great,* that appeared last season, is now in the talking movies under the title *Fast Company;* hardly as good a name—but certainly as good a show.

Ring Lardner wrote *Elmer the Great* and George M. Cohan helped him with it.

The leading character is a baseball player, a dumb and inflated busher, in the Jack Keefe tradition and the story, while simple, is pretty sure fire. These things considered, it is no wonder that *Fast Company* is a nice little picture; the wonder is that it isn't much better.

Perhaps the trouble is that we have learned to expect ruthless and scorching character analysis from Mr. Lardner, whereas in the development of Elmer Kane we get something that collapses seriously, several times. Jack Oakie is well cast as the verdant slugger and good performances are turned in by Evelyn Brent and Skeets Gallagher. The dialog is generally clever, but, somehow, seldom Lardnerian. By and large, though, *Fast Company* is fair light entertainment.

Now Showing

Bulldog Drummond (Talking). Ronald Coleman in something good.

Disraeli (Talking). George Arliss brings his famous characterization unblemished to the screen.

Paris Bound (Talking). It was popular on the stage; the movie version sticks close to the original.

Flight. (Talking). A good, he-man air story, lots of fun, but the "love interest" is pretty gooey.

The Dance of Life (Talking). Well-done adaptation of **Burlesque.**

Hallelujah (Talking). Phony all-negro drama, directed by King Vidor.

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SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this strange man whose face none had seen?

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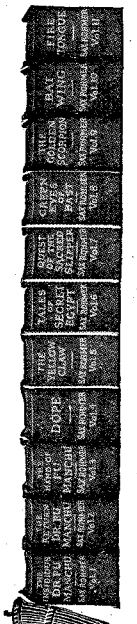

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announce

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S recommendation that Congress appropriate $5,000,000 for immediate prison construction and the recent series of prison uprisings would indicate that all is not well with our penal institutions. In the leading article of the next issue, "Revolt in our Prisons," Milton MacKaye, a frequent contributor to *The Outlook and Independent*, considers the causes underlying the present state of affairs. Mr. MacKaye thinks that the popular policy of severity, as typified by the Baumes Laws of New York, is largely responsible.

ALTHOUGH MARXIAN principles had to be abandoned to a large extent, the condition of industry under the Soviet regime in many ways compares favorably with the standard of 1913. Russia has already gone through the worst of her period of reconstruction. In "Communism by Compromise" J. F. Rudow describes Russia's industrial recovery. Mr. Rudow is an American banker and a writer on economics.

OVER A MILLION people read the newspapers in which Heywood Broun's column appears. His function, as he sees it, is to arouse indignation. That he succeeds is proved by the fact that he has been called both "the greatest humbug in America" and "the Paul Revere of free speech." In "Emotional Prodder" Virgilia Peterson Ross presents a sympathetic portrait of this well known columnist.

FRIENDS HAVE often laughed at us when the waiter addressed us in French and we admit that we have often forgotten Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle. Although we have never been able to see the value of this kind of advertising, we have always believed that not even our best friends would tell us. Finally, however, we have learned how it works. In "What Makes You Buy" Darwin L. Teilhet gives away some of the tricks of the advertising trade. Mr. Teilhet is a copy writer for one of the largest advertising agencies in the country.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE HAVE SEEN some very sturdy and inexpensive white oak, split-bottom chairs, rockers, armchairs and stools, suitable for porch, kitchen or summer camp. They are made in Virginia. The cheapest is a straight-backed chair at $2.50; the most expensive a curved arm rocker at $7.50. With hand woven fibre rush seats they cost a little more. This firm also makes a reproduction, in black walnut, of the old Virginia Colonial ladder-back chair with acorn knobs for $7.50. Worth investigating, if you need stout good-looking chairs of that kind.

SPEAKING OF COLOR, Vollrath Ware for the kitchen is made in various colors and combinations so that you can gather together a color ensemble in cooking equipment. The nineteen different items—saucepans, tea kettles, coffee pots, sink strainers and so on—are procurable in solid colors with contrasting linings, and in grey or bisque with bead and handles in color. You make up your set, or the company will send you a folder describing various harmonizing combinations.

WE KNOW of a combination bottle opener, corkscrew and ash tray; also of a combination opener, corkscrew and stopper—both of which might be useful occasionally in almost any household.

HOOVER KONATE is a new anti-moth preparation which, sprayed on carpets, clothes and so on, will kill all moths and larvae and protect the fabrics from all future attacks. Konate has been tested over a period of five years, and fabrics impregnated with it and exposed to the attacks of moths for that length of time are still intact. The company makes a sprayer for applying the chemical which will operate on any vacuum cleaner. Dry cleaning or excessive washing with soap will, however, remove the Konate.

OVERSTUFFED FURNITURE for doll houses, made on a scale of an inch to the foot, and covered in fine-patterned chintzes, is made by the Thread and Needle Shop. The prices seem to us very reasonable. The same pieces—wing chairs, sofas, dressing tables, screens and so on—are also upholstered in red and green velours. There is also a doll's hooked rug—tan with a colored design—which measures four and three-quarters by three inches.

COLUMBIA Window Shade Cloth—in peach skin, Etruscan Ivory or Persian Gold—is made up by the manufacturers into a pleated lamp shade at twenty-five cents, which is very good looking and gives a pleasant light.

THE RISING TIDE of color has crept into the sugar bowl. Yellow, orange, pink and green sugar, granulated or in cubes, is obtainable in some of the stores. Pretty soon we'll be drinking pink coffee for breakfast, and even water will no doubt come in pastel shades, to harmonize with the table decorations.

WHEN WE FIRST heard of remote control, we thought it was the sort of thing fathers tried to exercise over sons in college. But we find it applies to radios. There are two, we are informed, which have it. And it means that you can sit in the dining room at the end of an electric cord, the other end of which is connected to the radio in the parlor, and by pressing various little buttons in the small instrument at your end, can turn the radio on or off and even change the stations. We're working out a scheme to establish remote control over a couple of our neighbors' radios, but we believe that has to be done either through the police department, or through violent personal action, to which we are averse.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, which so far as we know is the only hardware concern to which a sentimental theme song has ever been written, has just opened a golf school, under the direction of Mr. Howard McCabe, who was associated with the Englewood Golf Club for ten years. If we were Mr. McCabe, however, we should feel that there was something a little sinister in the phrasing of part of the firm's announcement. "Mr. McCabe shall be very glad," it says, "to answer any special questions you may wish to ask regarding the course." Not "will," but "shall." Evidently Mr. McCabe has refused to answer somebody's questions at some time, and Hammacher Schlemmer are not going to have any of *that* any more.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Grandmother—City Style

THE cleaning woman rested her angular body for a moment, and leaning on the handle of her broom informed the hospital patient that she was a grandmother.

She did not look like a grandmother. Her golden hair, raked high into a pompadour, was coiled into a spreading mop upon the top of her head. The eyes in the sallow face were a young and living blue.

"There's nothing too good for her. That's the way I look at it. I'm a Protestant. Thank God I've done that much for her. When she was born, ten years ago, her mother said let's take her to the priest. Not much, I said, she's going to be christened right. She's going to have the advantages of religion, and later on she's going to a Christian Sunday School. So I done that much for her.

"Sure, I've always lived right here in the city. Yeah, it's a noisy neighborhood all right. Yeah, not far from the railroad tracks, but the church ain't far neither, and I got the child next door to me where I can see she's all right. I tell her mother, her father's mine, ain't he? He always was mine. And *she's* mine too. There ain't enough I can do for her. Dolls. Clothes. But what else would I do with my money!" She threw out a rough, hard hand dramatically. "I can't take it with me when I'm dead, see?

"Well, she come to me this summer all crazy about the country. Say, I says to her, you don't know what you're talking about. But it seems like a little girl she knew was going to the country—lovely place—private family, and all—one of these societies was going to send her, and my child had to think she was going too.

"Say, I says to her, you never seen the country. But it's all green, gran, she says to me, and just as cool as if it was a park, and there's flowers and nothing to do but play, and the food's lovely. And it's all green. That's all she could think about. It's all green there.

"Well," I says to her, "you never been away from home. You won't like it. But she couldn't seem to get the idea. There's trees, she said, and you can make me a little hand-bag to carry my clothes in. Well, I didn't want her to go, see. She'd never been away from me before, and it looked awful far off and lonesome, and everything. And what was the child going to do without me next door to her to look after her properly?

"I always had to be looking out for her, or everybody in the block would be working her to death. She was that crazy about babies. She couldn't be home from school for a minute before she was saying I've got to go and take care of Mrs. So and So's baby. Just crazy about pushing them up and down the block.

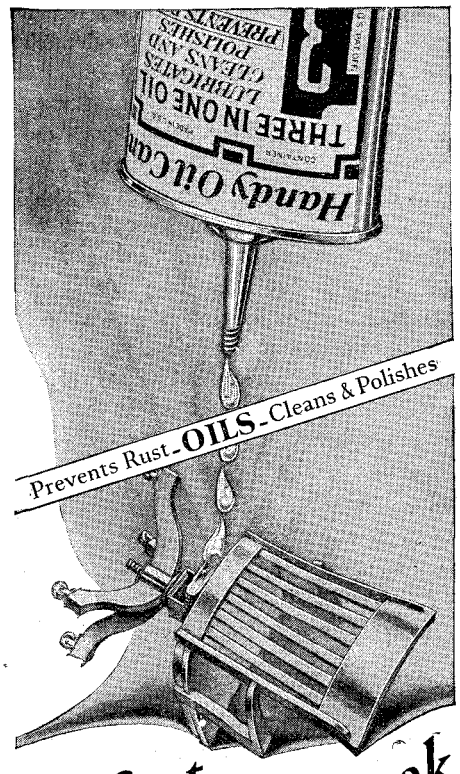
"Well, she got to talking so much about that little hand-bag I could make her, and I got to thinking, anyway, she won't be pushing babies around, so I went out and I bought the stuff, and I fixed her a little bag which was so cute she could carry it herself, and I fixed up her clothes and got her all ready, and she acted like she was crazy. Jumping up and down and talking about the country, and the country, and how green it was, till I thought well, she won't ever want to come back home.

"So, she went off all right, and my God, I thought I was going to die. What'd she want to go off like that so far away from home? Where I couldn't see nothing of her? And the summer coming on so lovely and everybody being out of doors anyway?

"Till two days later there came a telegram from the people saying I was to meet her at the Grand Central Station. That was the day I couldn't hardly get through my work. I thought my heart was busting in my throat. Till six o'clock come and there I was at the station.

"Well, the crowds kept coming through the gate, and they kept coming; and suddenly there she was in her little summer dress, holding the bag I made her just as cute in her hand. And for the life of me I couldn't help it. I started crying. And there I stood crying, and when she seen me she flung her arms around my neck and said 'my lands, gran, what're you crying about?' She was so happy she didn't know what I was crying about! And I said I'm so glad to see you! And I said to her, what made you come back? What made you come back, didn't you like it in the country?

"And she just gave me one look and shook her head. Naw, she didn't like it in the country. She said she couldn't stand it in the country. It was too quiet."



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Eleven A. M. and After

(Continued from Page 306)

and soldierlike beside my baggy garments, wrinkled permanently by the delouser. They are all wearing smart garrison caps that look so much like officers' that I salute the first I see. Even from civilians one gets surprises. It is now eight months since the armistice, and people are getting a little fed up with returning heroes.

The Fourth of July, 1919, day of the Willard-Dempsey fight. It is too hot to stay outdoors. I lie on my cot at Camp Merritt and think how Slocum is coming back. That was Christmas, and it was cold; this is Independence Day, and it is hot. But still like Slocum. Two hard-boiled Irish ser-

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geants are terrorizing the barrack. They contradict everything and sneer at everybody. Some one says he hopes Dempsey gets his because he dodged the draft. The sergeants pour their contempt on him. Dempsey went after what dough he could get, and anybody but a damn fool would have done the same. A year ago today I heard the old Bishop of Meaux preach and marched out to decorate the graves of the American dead at Juilly. Did it all really happen? It is hard to believe that it did. For today the only fight, apparently, in which anybody is interested is that between Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey.

The End.

The Jumbled Talkies

(Continued from Page 294)

spring the Warner studios assembled an all-German cast including Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn and made The Royal Box in their Brooklyn studio.

French is hardly worth while, many producers feel, for not only is the French-speaking population extremely small—the exhibition of foreign films in France is now so difficult that it is hardly worth the trouble. For one thing, the French government demands forty per cent of the gross receipts right off the bat.

Short talking films have been made in Portuguese, German and Swedish, but they have been more or less as trade-getters, to be shown in conjunction with an English-speaking film in order to catch the audience's attention.

Some of the American companies have already scheduled productions which they hope will, after a fashion, solve the situation for a few months. United Artists has just finished *The Taming of the Shrew,* the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks film which will, it is hoped, do good business in every country in the world on the basis of its classical authorship.

Another phase of the situation which has occurred to the up and at 'em American film company is the matter of going into foreign countries, establishing studios there, and making films in the language of that country.

To sum up, several things become clear. The films must talk—and they must talk in several languages—and they must be made without any tremendous additional expense. Inasmuch as it is vastly more complicated to make a talkie than to insert a new set of subtitles, it is unlikely that speaking films will ever be made in more than a few languages and dialects.

At present we have a flood of musical comedy and dancing films. These are supposedly international—but of dancing and singing one quickly tires. People want stories—acting and character delineation—and in the talking picture these only come in a speech that you can understand.

The present "solutions" are makeshifts—our producers have a hard nut to crack.

This Prohibition Wilderness

(Continued from Page 291)

fuse to give it social sanction, then the law will not be observed and cannot be enforced in those communities. When a law does violence to the individual conscience it will not be observed. When it does violence to the social conscience it will not be enforced.

All this is true about the present system of national prohibition. It is a vast social experiment undertaking to standardize, by law, the personal habits of all the people in all the States, and it was inaugurated at a time when the people of each State were engaged in working out the problem for themselves, through local prohibition in those States where it received the sanction of society and through measures which either had attained temperance or were rapidly attaining temperance in States where it did not. This experiment was undertaken by means of prohibitory legislation which, whatever may be its appeal to the people of some States, lacks entirely the sanction of popular approval in other States. It is legislation not in defense of liberty, but in restriction of it. The inevitable happened and the experiment failed.

Remedy is not to be found in any issue of "wet" or "dry," to use the inept phrases of the hour. It involves the basic principle of American government in all matters restrictive of personal liberty.

That basic principle is that those communities which want prohibitory legislation of this kind are entitled to have it. They are entitled, also, to be protected by effective regulations against shipments from other States which contravene their laws. But these communities which do not want this legislation should not be forced by other States into taking it anyhow. They should be free to promote temperance within their borders by such means and measures as suit their needs.

So it is my conviction that the whole problem within the State should go back to the State, with power to enact workable laws in harmony with local ideals and the people's will. We cannot settle it by trying to standardize human conduct.

Sooner or later it will be settled this way, both as a matter of right and of expediency. Neither our Federal nor our social system can stand the present strain. We have tried to nationalize prohibition, but if we are ever to get anything worth while we must democratize the whole subject, and each State must be free from the coercion of other States. I see no other way out of the wilderness.

Pope of New England

(Continued from Page 288)

dealing public official . . . no matter how Irish his name or Catholic his lineage . . . who proves himself worthy of confidence. . . ." The rapid growth of the Holy Name Society. The establishment of the politically powerful League of Catholic Women Voters. The organization of Catholic doctors to combat the new science. His urging to Catholics to enter public life, and to back Catholics in office, "to labor for good of the Church and the country."

He has, undeniably, built largely and shrewdly, particularly in the field of education. Parochial schools have always been his great hobby, his supreme ambition. And at last in Boston College he believes he has the Catholic equivalent of Harvard.

Let us contemplate his argument for parochial schools. Let us look back ten years. There was a campaign to establish a ministry of education in the national government, with a chief executive in the President's Cabinet. His Eminence publicly deplored it: "A State monopoly on education stands condemned. . . . A State has no right to trespass upon personal liberty." . . .

A State monopoly of education may stand condemned, but in the eyes of Cardinal O'Connell the right of a Church to guide the education of its faithful is yet another thing. On August 31, this year, the newspapers of Boston carried this astonishing statement:

"Confessors in the archdiocese are not to give absolution to such women who for mere social reasons deprive their children of their highest birthright—the Catholic faith and hope of salvation. I want it to be known that absolution is not to be given to a woman who sends her children to a secular school for no other reason except that she wants him to be brought up in a secular way. . . . There is only one reason why a mother does that.

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She is trying to get into society through her children. . . ."

More than one editorial writer pondered over that statement, trying to determine whether it was an avowal of strength, or an unwitting confession of weakness. And most of them came to the conclusion that it was the latter. Which brings us up to an interesting speculation. Has the Cardinal lost control, to a degree, over the intellectual and wealthy upper crust of Irish Catholic Boston?

It would seem that he has. South Boston has swung into line, goes to Church regularly, and is obedient. But the Irish Catholics of Back Bay, moving pleasantly among the so-called Puritans, are new and powerful factors in a liberal Massachusetts.

His attitude on wealth has been curious. "The present age," he said in 1915, "is an age of luxury; and luxury ought to have no place in any life." In 1910, when Lent was beginning, and there was much whispering in Boston over the fact that several priests had died leaving large sums of money, he said any large sum of money left by a priest at his death was basis for "grave scandal unless inherited." "Any large sum of money, therefore, accumulated by a priest must come from industries and other fields which are not permissible by the Church for a priest to engage in."

In 1918, A. Paul Keith, son of B. F. Keith, bequeathed the sum of $4,000,000 to be divided equally between Harvard College and His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. And in February, 1926, he set forth his conviction that the rich men of America have an excellent chance of attaining the Heavenly Kingdom:

"The rich man and woman of the United States need have no fear of failing to enter the Heavenly Kingdom . . . so long as the wealthy American continues to be as warm-hearted and kind as they are today."

Curious, too, his place in the political life of Boston. Even veteran political writers in that city assured me he has never taken part in the politics of the City or Nation. Yet—he publicly praised Harding for keeping us out of the League of Nations; he called upon Coolidge to refuse recognition to any government in Mexico as long as the Catholic question remained unsettled. He publicly denounced the Anti-Aid Bill pending in the Massachusetts Senate, which would withhold State funds from charitable institutions not exclusively controlled by the State.

"To expect the Catholic citizen to accept such a gratuitous insult," he said of that bill, "is to attribute to them a servility and a cowardice too mean for words to express. . . . We are going to stand just where we are for all that belongs to us—not a hair-breadth less will we take, and we want not a shade less."

But the bill was passed, despite the fact that the Roman Catholic enrollment of Boston is seventy-three per cent of the electorate. His Eminence came out publicly against the Child Labor amendment in 1924, and it was defeated. He boldly called upon Wilson to demand of the Peace Conference self-determination for Ireland.

Still, his personal position in the general run of politics is masked. It is rumoured through Boston that he is a Republican. Such contradictory rumors always follow any important figure. Yet, when it was reported that he had contributed to Governor Smith's presidential campaign fund, he quickly nailed the report. He has carefully bounded the action of his office wherever it impinged upon realm of State.

William Henry Cardinal O'Connell is hale, strong, erect, for all his seventy years. He rises sharply at six o'clock, reads until ten, and retires sharply at ten. His life runs by clockwork. He reads diligently—the morning newspapers, the best books, which he obtains by special arrangement with the library, and leading magazines. In his personal habits he is almost Spartan.

"I was an aristocrat when I was sixteen," he said in 1915, "and I wanted to mingle with other aristocrats. Now that I have become a real Prince of the Church, I have become hopelessly plebeian."

Plebeian perhaps in the sense of being defender of the plebeian. The exteriors of his office and rank have become, if anything, more gorgeous. His pilgrimages to Rome and to the Holy Land have always been elaborate affairs. Arriving in Rome after the signing of the celebrated treaty, he was received with—and enjoyed—the reception accorded a blooded Prince of the House of Savoy. Wherever he goes, there also are pomp and dignity. Rarely is it challenged.

Some time ago he purchased a beautiful summer home at Marblehead. Prior to that, the rocks in front of the place had been a favorite spot for spooners. He had built a fence to discourage such intrusion. But a wit, thus blocked, took recourse to protest.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," read the sign he left, "but the rocks belong to the Cardinal."

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With Our Readers

We Should Be Constructive

Brooklyn, New York

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I cannot tell you how disappointed I have been to find in the Outlook and Independent such an article as the "Respectable Heretic," in your issue of October 9, 1929.

I have never met Dr. Fosdick, I have never heard him speak but twice, but I know that he is of the type of men who, in all too small numbers, constitute the most precious asset of any civilization in any age. This is common knowledge.

How distressing, then, to see him, in a magazine of the type we considered the Outlook to be for more than a generation, portrayed in a manner that tends to belittle certain aspects of his work and personality, rather than by an article that brings into strong and approved relief the ideals for which he stands, and his virile work in proclaiming and embodying those ideals. We have become quite too familiar in recent years with a type of biography that fairly lugs in minor incidents and facts of no importance whatever for estimating a man's contribution to social progress, but serve only to belittle, or try to belittle, his personality and work, or to detract from or sully his reputation.

We learn in the Outlook article that Dr. Fosdick seems to hold different views on some questions now than he did at about the time when he was graduating from college. How remarkable! What man of ability does think, at 50, precisely as he did at 25 years of age. The contacts and experiences of life should count for something. With every man of first class ability, they do count for something. The Outlook article seems to suggest that such a change is indicative of weak character or of compromising with principles, or of second rate ability. If this is not the implication, why make any reference to it?

Why raise the question as to whether any one man, doing an admirable piece of work is "a great religious teacher, and if not, why not?" Dr. Fosdick is belittled in the article because his work is judged to be not "permanently important" and therefore, not great.

Of what interest or importance is a matter of that sort? Was the work of Johnathan Edwards or Spurgeon or Beecher "permanently important?" Maybe; but thousands of college graduates today never heard their names. Is their work, therefore, to be belittled? Did they not serve their generations with outstanding ability?

Will any one seriously question that Dr. Fosdick is making a substantial and much needed contribution to the ideals and thinking of this generation? Why, then, endeavor to dissect and analyze it with the apparent object of laying bare weak points and implied frailties of character? Surely Dr. Fosdick would be the first to acknowledge that, like all of us, he is only human, and therefore not perfect.

And may I not, in closing call attention to another character sketch—that of Ramsay MacDonald in the October *Atlantic Monthly*. What a fine piece of constructive biography, the effect of which cannot help but win sympathetic interest in and support of the greatly needed work which Ramsay MacDonald is doing so effectively.

Is the Outlook and Independent really willing to disparage such work as Dr. Fosdick is doing, and such workers as he? The continual publication of such articles as his "write-up" is the surest, albeit the most insidious and unworthy, way to do it. Let us have something constructive in a magazine of the Outlook's traditions. Leave the sophomoric and the "smart" to the cheaper type of journal—if indeed it must be published at all. The reading public is weary to exhaustion of biographical sketches and books whose obvious object is not to instruct, nor inspire, but to besmirch that which really cannot be besmirched. And let us illustrate such articles with portraits and not with caricatures.

Yours sincerely,
C. STUART GAGER

Are We too Conservative?

San Diego, California

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

My quarrel with your magazine is that, far from being too modern, it is not modern enough.

For a while you sail along with commendable sophistication, then revert to such a doubtful sop as a life of Carrie Nation. True, the author laughs at her, but nonetheless liberal people desire neither to meet such fanatics nor read about them. We know they exist—that is sufficient.

The whole school still engaged in unearthing the manias of the Puritans is, I believe, tilting at windmills—in fact, their preoccupation with them indicates a complex on their own part probably acquired in childhood. People who really mature find their time fully occupied with art and beauty—life's only true emancipators.

Regarding religion, you might, so far as I am concerned, entirely omit such articles, as I never read them. I subscribe to all the adult magazines but never, under any circumstances, read a religious article. I find that a great many of us are as religious as our pocket-books permit—that is, we are as charitable as we can afford to be and still meet large financial obligations year after year. I don't doubt that if the average man had more money than he needed to spend, he would give the rest away and so be really Christlike. The trouble is, only a few people can afford to be practical Christians. This is an economic interpretation of religion which to me seems overlooked—I also favor an economic interpretation of marriage.

All in all, I believe that the average person does pretty well. Let us remember that even the worst of us is a survivor of the evolutionary process and so must have some noble traits. In fact, I see nobility in every one but the reformers, who of course include Carrie Nation. The instinct to change another's life is, I believe, not only the unpardonable, but the only sin.

MAX FECKLER

We Think So Too

Guelph, Ont., Canada

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Thanks for the back numbers and the receipt of my remittance. It is amusing to read the petulant and peevish criticisms of your readers. I took Henry C. Bowen's "Independent" and Beecher's "Christian Union" and Abbott's "Outlook" and the present journal is an improvement on them all. When Lyman Abbott conducted the Outlook he was accused of being on the payroll of the New Haven Railroad Co. and quite a plausible case was worked out to make it look as if true. How stupid and ridiculous it is anyway. The reader who expects to find a journal worth reading that is going to take his side on all the issues of the day is not worth having as a subscriber.

Sincerely yours,
W. MITCHELL

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The
Outlook and Independent

Announces

According to the Flesh

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

In the issue of November sixth appears the first installment of one of the most enthralling biographies we have read in many moons—Fleta Campbell Springer's life story of Mary Baker Eddy; one of the most remarkable women the world has ever known.

It was inevitable, of course, that now, nearly twenty years after her passing from the scene—a time sufficient for the gaining of some perspective—biographies of Mary Baker Eddy should appear. The personality of the Founder of the Christian Science Church was so obscured during her life time, so opposed were the reports concerning her, that so far as the general public is concerned, she had almost no existence in the imagination as a living, vital woman.

Writing to the Editors, Fleta Campbell Springer says: "I did not decide to write a biography, and casting about for a subject chance upon Mrs. Eddy. A biography was the farthest thing from my mind when one day in the midst of a conversation with Christian Scientist friends, Mrs. Eddy suddenly came alive in my mind in that special and peculiar way by which a writer knows that, whether he chooses or not, his subject has appeared. I did not want to write a biography. I wanted to write a novel which I had already begun. But the novel remains unfinished, and the biography is written instead. In the year and a half of steady research, in the many months that I have lived, thought and read nothing but Mary Baker Eddy, I have been often baffled, often annoyed, often in despair, and many times surprised—but I have never once been bored."

Mrs. Springer has already earned the reputation of a writer of integrity. In this biography she touches human life itself with humility and candor. From the box-like bedroom of Mary Baker's childhood under the sloping eaves of the New Hampshire farmhouse to the last twilights in the great house in Boston, the story unrolls itself magnificently, constituting a human document of vital value: one of the books about the past that illuminates the present. We are glad to set such a rare treat before the readers of The Outlook and Independent.

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